WHIRLING THOUGHTS

A BOOK OF POEMS BY
NELLIE COURTNEY

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO

OUR GLORIOUS SOLDIERS IN FRANCE

With a prayer that God will keep them,
In the hollow of his hand,
And that safe and well, we'll greet again,
Our boys in their own home land.

Nellie Courtney

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NELLIE COURTNEY

Publisher
H. E. SWAN
Havana, Cuba

OCT 2 1918 1c

INTRODUCTION

Dear Little Book,

As onward through the world you go,
—Wile away an hour or two—
For the many people, who
Want to laugh, or cry with you.

Do your Duty to the world,
Though it criticise, with care,
Give a line to help the weary,
And to one, who *doesn't dare.*

If you send a ray of sun-shine,
To a heart, that's feeling blue,
Then not in vain, have you been born,
And I'll be *so proud of you.*

Nellie Courtney.

Habana, Cuba.

April 1918.

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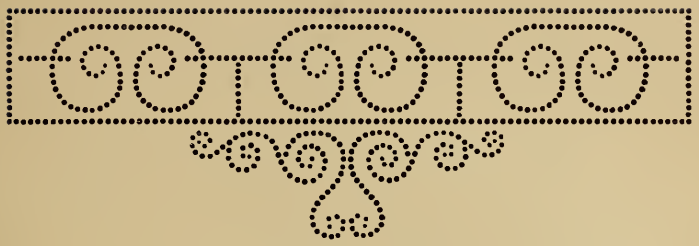
MAY 15 1922

OCT 24 1918



Boys in Khaki

Boys in Khaki, boys in Blue,
Manly lads, with hearts so true;
Never caring, if they fall,
As they march to duty's call.
Boys in khaki, we want you
To persuade your comrades too,
For our country calls for men,
From the heather and the fen.

Chorus

Our soldiers in khaki, they're marching along,
'neath star-spangled banner, with laughter and song;
The foe is before them, in battle array,
But what care our soldiers,—the brave U. S. A.—
With shoulder to shoulder, still onward they go,
Each step drawing nearer, the great rendezvous;
At sound of the bugle, their faces grow stern,
'tis *hell* to meet *Yankees,* the *Germans* soon learn.

Boys in khaki, you will fight,
To defend a Nation's right;
You will *never* end the strife,
'til you've given, e'en your life.
Boys in khaki, we love you,
For the brav'ry, that's your due;
Medals great, will surely shine,
On those khaki suits of thine.

(Chorus)

Boys in khaki, we want you,
For our sweethearts, staunch and true;
We would give our lives, to be
In the trenches, beside thee.
Boys in khaki,—boys in blue,
At thy shrine, we humbly sue
Praying God that he will spare
All our lads, beneath his care.

(Chorus)

Powers in Abeyance

If we always have life easy,
With no sorrow, or no fuss,
We will never know what talents,
God has given unto us.
For our character lies dormant,
And it takes "adversity",
Just to show what we are made of,
Never yet—"prosperity"—

My Beautiful Mountain Rose

I dream't of a sunset, whose golden glow,
Reflected the Heavens, in waters below.
And there was a cottage, where roses red,
Did listen to love-words, that often were said;
This was the trysting-place,—one year ago—
Where slowly in hammock, we'd swing to and fro;
But only in dreamland,—I now do see
My beautiful Rose, so lost to me.

Chorus

My Rose,—my beautiful girl, from the West,
My flower of the mountain, so wild,
Come back to your own, and on his broad breast,
Once more be his own little child.
He'll love you so dear, the same as last year,
And kisses he'll give, not a few,
For life was so drear, a sigh, a tear,
My Rose, when I lost you.

Once more life is sunshine, for now there is
A Rose in my garden, I love to kiss;
Its sweet scented petals, are all for me
To sip of their fragrance, all days that be;
And there in the hammock, I often lie
With a beautiful Rose, until I do cry
And whisper the nonsense, that lovers do—
—"My Girl, it is Heaven, when I am with *you.*

(Chorus)

Break Away

If the world be full of bother,
And is turned just up-side-down,
If your nerves are making merry,
With your *will,* and make you frown,
And the sun has ceased to give you,
One bright smile, through all the day,
Just "drop everything" you're doing
At the time, and *break away.*
Before it be too late.

If your bus'ness cares, and worries,
Find a resting place in "bed",
They will make a "night-mare" for you,
—This is really, truly, said,—
Better leave them at the office,
As inside your desk, they lay,
Change your mind, to other topics,
Just forget, and *break away,*
Before it be too late.

If you have a fond, sweet lover,
Who says most endearing things,
As you wander in the moon-light,
While these words he sometimes sings
"Oh, I want you ever, darling,
Just near by my side to stay,
And we'll wander down Life's journey",
Then you run, and *break away,*
Before it be too late.

If he speaks not of true marriage,
He is not the man for you,
For these days, so many really,
Think "affinity" will do.
And no matter how you love him,
Or your heart pleads to say "yea",
Just to show him, how you trust him,
That's the time, to *break away,*
Before it be too late.

Though he be the world to you, dear,
Loving, generous, and kind,
If his love be not sufficient,
With the "marriage-tie", to bind,
You will feel your false position,
Though you love him, just alway,
And "smiles" and "tears" will mingle,
If you do not "break away",
Before it be too late.

There are only two roads, running,
Just the *right,* and just the *wrong;*
Let your conscience choose for you, dear,
Then your life will be one song.
If you face the World to-gether,
In the lawful, wedded away,
Sharing troubles, sharing pleasures,
Then *no need* to *break away,*
Before it be too late.

Don't You Mind

It is best to treat vile slander,
With the coldest of contempt,
For the foolish words, so many,
Are by empty persons drempt;
When you know that you have always,
Done what *you* thought was the right,
Never mind their hints and whispers,
In the morning, noon, or night.
You have Nature to console you,
And she'll prove a faithful friend,
Giving to you, joy and pleasure,
And great happines, she'll send.
In the morning, take a ramble,
Through her tall and stately woods,
Listen to the wild birds singing,
And you'll have the best of moods.
In the evening, she'll amuse you,
With her "voices" and her song;
If you live just close to Nature,
You can *never* go far wrong.
And though folks may turn against you,
Through your troubles, great and small,
Let your soul then rise the higher,
As you answer Nature's call.
She's a Mother that will nourish,
All who live close by her side,
And a better day is coming,
With the turning of the tide;
—So *don't you mind.*

Geisha

(In memory of a faithful dog)

Five years have passed, since that sad day,
When just at the break of dawn,
With all the friends, who loved you, near,
We buried you, on the lawn,
With a white sheet wound around you,
And your crimson bow, so smart,
While a bunch of pure white roses,
Lay over your faithful heart.
And Geisha dear, I miss you still,
Though the years are rolling by,
For friends, of old, are parted far,
But your mem'ry keeps "the tie".
Where'er your hunting-ground may be,
—On earth, or in the sky,—
Your crown is marked *Imperial,*
As you wander there, for aye.

Scandal

Do not be afraid of *they say,*
If your life bears naught of blame;
We can surely live our own way,
Without asking every Dame.

The Irish Girl's Farewell

My dear little emerald Isle,
My heart is breaking for thee;
No more I'll gather your shamrock,
For Ireland, I'm leaving thee.
You're growing dim in the distance,
And soon you will fade away,
For we are sailing the ocean,
To where America lay.

Chorus

My own, my down-trodden Ireland,
You're poor, and hated, and crushed;
Your children must seek their fortunes,
In a land where all are rushed;
Yet wherever I may linger,
I shall feel just all the while,
That I rest beneath your shadow,
And the sun-shine of your smile.

'Tis a little bit of Heaven,
That I take away with me,
"Just the memory of Ireland,
Where they've all been good to me".
In the world, I'll soon be meeting,
All the folks from every part,
Still it takes a lot of beating,
"Just a tender Irish heart".

Chorus

Life's Yesterday

I told myself "I'll love him not"
—In a by-gone yesterday—
That henceforth, in my life there'd be,
Just for me—my *Rosary*—

But, when wandering far from home,
We came face to face, one day,
And as his hand clasped mine again,
I thought of the *Yesterday.*

For at the well remembered touch,
Love's grave was opened again;
Just a moment of ecstasy,
Close followed by blinding pain.

And *then* I knew, there was no truth,
In that vow of "yesterday",
For *love* would ne'er resign its throne,
Not e'en to a *Rosary.*

So when we think the fire is dead,
And all the ashes are cold,
A smile, a glance, a clasp of hand,
And *love* is there,—as of old.—

Life's Game

When you're in the deepest water,
And you're paying heavy toll,
If you haven't any money,
Don't you tell a living soul.

Meet the world, with smile so merry,
And a rose upon your breast;
Then its hands will stretch to greet you,
And good fate will do the rest.

For the greatest book of knowledge,
Gives this axiom so true,
"To him that hath, is given more",
So, you see, "its up to you".

And if to you, some one has done
Cruel wrong, or injury,
And longs to see your head bowed down,
With the pain, and misery,

Don't let them see it hurts at all;
Keep your nerve, what e'er you do;
Hold your head a trifle higher,
And the world will be with *you.*

Of course we know' tis very hard,
When the heart is crushed with care,
To follow out these golden rules,
For we feel we'd like to tear.

Around, and make no end of fuss,
Just to hit back hard, or scream,
But feelings oft' must be disguised,
If we wish to get Life's cream.

The Doctor's Oasis

She glanced down in his face, so shy,
As he laid his head, right there
Upon her throbbing breast, so white,
With such sweet and tender care.

She looked upon his raven hair,
With the ringlets clust'ring 'round,
That brushed her sweet and rosy lips,
For a solace they had found.

He raised his head, and looked at her,
With eyes of golden brown,
Her own met his, with sparkles bright,
And not a trace of frown.

He took her hand, so tenderly,
Close, close, within his own,
While warm red blood, rushed to her face,
And through her veins, was thrown.

Once again, on her snow-white breast,
He nestles his raven hair,
Into his eyes, there springs the look
That she sees so often there.

But hark—there's foot-steps on the stairs,
And her *mother* rushes in,
With wild distracted voice, she cries
"*Oh Doctor,* save my Jean".

I'm Just His Little Girl

I'm just his dear little girl,
His rosy, wild coleen,
Who seasons *life* so *spicy,*
With years, just sweet sixteen.
I kiss him, and I scold him,
And pull him all about,
So he looks respectable,
Before he sallies out;
For on his coat so snugly,
Is often nestled there,
Just a tiny souvenir,—
A curly chestnut hair.
But he's a *City Father,*
And so he does control,
The interest, and morals,
Of nearly every soul;
And wouldn't folks look funny,
And at him stories hurl,
Were they to see him petting,
His only, "little girl"?

Chorus

I'm just his little girl,
So merry and so wise,
Although he often tells me,
I'm only "pocket-size".
But in this heart he carries,
My picture every day,
To keep him out of mischief,
While on the broad *White Way.*

He says I'm "bestest ever",
And soft as any wax,
And that I beat all hollow,
That dashed old *Income-Tax.*
And so, you know, I'm happy,
Amid this merry whirl,
Because I give him pleasure,
By being "little girl".

I love my *City Father,*
His bald spot, I adore,
I gather up the roses,
And lay them at his door.
If I were woodland fairy,
My wand I would extend,
And reach across the ocean,
The *war* to surely end;
For now the paper has it,
And thus it is decreed,
That men, whose age is forty-five,
Must go to country's need.
So now, my city father,
Will surely have to go,
And "little girl" will worry,
And find that life is slow;

But *sure* she'll write and ask them,
To care her *dear old dad,*
For 'tis *his little daughter,*
That they have made so sad.

Chorus

Father

Who knows, all the bother it is,
To have a wife and kiddies,
To walk the floor, at 2 A. M.,
And sing all sorts of "ditties"?—*Father.*

Who is it, knows what *war times,* are,
With very little money,
When wifie says "the cupboard's bare",
In words, as sweet as honey?—*Father.*

Who is it, buys the boots and shoes,
And all the "necessaries",
And *never* once, does he refuse,
The little ones, their pennies?—*Father.*

Whose hand, does in his pocket go,
And gives the hard earned money,
To pay all bills, as they come due,
Who is it, is so funny?—*Father.*

Who is it, that's as soft as wax,
With wife and little babies,
And *never* does her patience tax,
By "making love" to ladies?—*Father.*

Who is it, "likes" to live just so,
In spite of all the worries,
Who is it "loves" to earn the *"dough",*
For "wife and little kiddies"?—*Father.*

We Only Meet, to Say Good-Bye

We only meet, to say good-bye,
With a smile, and then a sigh.
Coming, or going, every day,
No one here, has long to stay.

The clasp of hands,—so strong and tight—
Slip their hold,—and out of sight—
We kiss sweet lips, say "How are you",
Then "Good-bye", and we are through.

A life is born, and we are glad,
Then 'tis buried, and we're sad,
For every ringing wedding-bell,
Finds an echo—funeral knell.—

I am singing,—you are sighing,—
Life itself, is very trying,
For 'tis one thing, or the other,
Soon 'twill be a "daisy cover".

So what's the use, to make a fuss,
We can't alter,—none of us—
For "How are you", and then "Good-bye",
Mixes like the "Marriage-tie".

I'm to be Married to-day

For the last time, dear Dolly, I kiss you,
And put you to sleep, far away,
I'll never again, see your eyes of blue,
For I'm to be married to-day.

Are you sorry our play is all over,
That I am a woman, they say?
And must marry a man, called a lover,
Because I am sixteen, to-day.

This is the first time, it came to my mind,
That you dear, alone here, must stay,
Now I am frightened, and wish he would find,
Some "other" he'd marry, to-day.

Dear Dolly, you know that I love you so,
For nine years, in my arms, you lay,
But now they are selling, your own dear Flo,
For I'm to be married to-day.

Now here comes my Kitty, to say good-bye,
And give me a sad little "purr",
The tears, they are falling,—I cry, I sigh,—
Not a bit, will I marry you, Sir.

Dear Dolly, the clock is striking the hour,
That they were to take me away,
To make me a wife, and give me a dower,
But I *won't* be married to-day.

The dress, lying there, all flimsy and white,
I'll take it and throw it away,
I don't want a husband, to have to-night,
For I'm only sixteen, to-day.

I just want *you,* Dolly, and Kitty, too,
With a nice, pretty *boy,* to play,
So I don't care at all, what they may do,
But I *won't* be *married,* to-day.

My Fairy God-Mother

Windward Road P. O.

My fairy God-mother, a web does weave,
To catch all the sorrows, so no one may grieve;
The mesh is held tightly, by kind words, and smiles,
And this is well known, for miles and miles.

She ever is spinning, from morn, 'til the night,
And catches the heart-aches, of all in her sight.
She gives of her plenty, to all who are poor,
There's never a person, turned' way from her door.

She waits not to search for, their record to date,
But renders assistance, before its too late.
And this I will vouch for,—I know it is true—
One hand never knows, what the other does do.

And great is the honor, for her in the sky,
As each deed of kindness, a *star* is, on high,
The web, she's been weaving, while here down below,
Will light up her *Crown,* with its glist'ning glow.

Why do You Go to Church

Why do you go to Church to-day?
Is it just to kneel, and pray?
Why do you wear that solemn face,
With its air of pious grace?

I have often noticed faces,
—The really worst of cases—
Whose saintly puckers, scowl at sin,
Have "Hypocrisy" within.

And then the first thing, that they do,
—Raise their head, and slander you—
If a poor man sits beside them,
Nose goes up, and face says D—n.

They have one eye on the bonnets,
As they ripple out the sonnets,
And the other has a twinkle,
For the man, without a wrinkle.

Or, do they go to church, to get,
An introduction, to *the set,*
Whose "Howd'y do", as sweet as honey,
Will help them make no end of money?

And the while, they're singing praises,
Glory-be-to-God-on-high.
Never thinking, that it raises,
In the *heart* of *God, a sigh.*

Oh no, no, that's *not* religion,
As ordained at the Creation;
For the plan was really,—to do
Just as truly, unto others
As you would like them do to you".

If I Had Money

If I had money, that could buy,
Handsome dresses, just knee high,
If I had land and houses big,
All the world, would quickly sigh
Just "to know me".

If I had money, all my friends,
Whose glances have grown cold,
And who *their* money, never lends,
Would seek me out, so bold;
Rich, they'd *know me.*

All my "faults", would be forgotten,
And the "good" be magnified,
Never thinking of my sorrow,
Of the time when I have cried,
And *none* knew me.

If I had money, they would say,
"She's a girl of high degree",
And to their balls, and fancy hops,
I would be the *first,* "you see",
For they'd *know* me.

What a fine world this would be,
With itself turned "up side down",
Instead of cold, we'd have the warmth,
Of smiles, all around the town,
"If we had money".

My Beautiful Girl

Years have past, and gone forever,
Since I held your little hand,
As we wandered close together,
By the sea-shore, on the sand.
And the wind blew o'er my shoulder,
Just a little golden curl,
'til I gathered all much closer,
To kiss my "beautiful Girl".

Chorus

There's a picture painted within my heart,
'tis framed on Memory's wall;
One face haunts me—to never part—
From dawn,—'til the shadows fall.—
For my life is lonely now, forever,
And my heart shall always yearn,
For the death, that brings to-gether,
Me—and—"My beautiful Girl".

In twilight hour, I feel thee near,
My own—my beautiful girl—
Your sweet dream face, this many year,
Has given my heart a twirl.
And then I clasp thee in my arms,
And smooth each heavenly curl,
I feast my eyes, on all the charms,
That *make* "My beautiful Girl".

(Chorus).

A Problem

This world, just now, a problem is,
Each day its getting worse,
For everything just seems to fizz
And then it needs a hearse.
These war-times play the very deuce
With bus'ness everywhere,
And soon there'll only be "grape juice"
To drive away dull care.

Chorus

Oh *life* it is a funny joke,
In big New York City,
When saddled with the awful yoke
Of "genteel poverty".
You meet your friends, with merry smile,
And 'witching eyes, so sunny,
They never know, that, from your style
You're short, "whole heaps of money".
When the first thing in the morning,
You want a cup of tea,
The caddy is truly "forming"
For not a grain you see.
The sugar bowl, it follows suit,
And looks as sour can be;
The milk, it is so very cute,
—It charges double fee.

The furnace, too, has got a cold,
And looks so very glum;

A piece of *coal,* so I've been told
Is *gold* for months to come.
The doggie curls up on the rug,
As meek as any lamb,
But if you look, beside the pug
Poor Kitty's eyes say "damn".

(Chorus).

Lily's Pretty Baby

Little dark-eyed baby, asleep on the floor,
With its stick of candy, just within the door;
Dolly held so closely, to its little breast,
Lily's pretty baby, is taking its rest.

Little dimpled darling, lying now asleep,
Soon its eyes will open, and begin to peep,
Spying all the needles, and the pins about,
Little chubby fingers, pick them up, and shout.

Toddling in the door-yard, puppy at its side,
Lily's little baby, tries to take a ride
On the back of doggie, who dislikes the style,
Then they have a tumble, and its "cry" awhile.

She's a laughing baby, tears are very few,
On her lips are kisses, moist as morning dew,
In her eyes is sunshine, in her heart is joy,
And some day she will love,—a great big boy—

Who will proudly marry, and take her away,
To a little cottage, where the sun-beams play.
Now she's just a tiny, little bit of lady,
And I envy Lily, her little baby.

Yankee Men-in Cuba

'Twas on a Monday morning,
We left *Fifth Avenue,*
And landed, Friday evening,
Across in Isle Cubú.
The Spanish girls were "fetching"
To sober Yankee men,
The rag-time it was "ketching"
—None really could condemn.

Chorus

Take me back to *Isle Cubó,*
To "habla español",
So I can say *"te amo"*
"Con todo corazón",
To all the fair señoras,
Who love the Yankees so,
And peep through grated windows,
Across in Isle Cubó.

We strolled along the Prado,
We whistled Spanish airs,
We kicked up quite a "dido"
And did some stunning *dares.*
We kissed the señoritas,
—I tell you, not a few,
With ne'er a thought of *wifie*
Back on *Fifth Avenue.*

(Chorus).

We made a resolution,
That we would always go,
When on a demonstration,
Across to Isle Cubó.
We'd leave behind our worries,
Right on Fifth Avenue,
And sail to Spanish ladies,
In little Isle Cubú.

(Chorus).

Brother of Mine

Brother of Mine:

In old Jamaica sleeping,
While I, out in the world, my guard am keeping,
With outward calm, my heart for you, is breaking
Brother of mine.

Brother of Mine:

The glist'ning snow is falling,
Away up North; the Mountains, too, are calling,
Us from the South; and on the time is rolling,
Brother of mine.

Brother of Mine:

Another Life is dawning,
For both of us; and may we feel the longing
To do great deeds;. for then there'll come the crowning,
Brother of mine.

Nellie Doyle

I'm a little girl from Ireland,
Come to this great New York,
The streets were gold, I've heard them say,
In far away, old Cork.
My father, and my mother, too,
Lie under Irish soil,
And with their blessing, they have left,
A heritage of toil.

Chorus

I'm a little girl from Ireland,
Come far across the sea,
To seek my fortune in this land,
So please, be good to me.
I'll sing a comic song for you,
In good old Irish style,
I'll dance, just like the fairies do,
So smile on "Nellie Doyle".

The people here, just rush around,
As though they hadn't time
To live another moment, in
This dear, old world, so fine.
And I am wond'ring, if they'll give
—Amid this great turmoil—
A helping hand, so she can live,
To "Little Nellie Doyle".

(Chorus)

I feel afraid of all this noise,
'tis worse than Irish broil,
I want my dear, kind Irish boys,
To cheer their Nellie Doyle.
I want to hear them say again,
—Right on old Irish soil—
—Those dear warm-hearted Irishmen,
"I love you, Nellie Doyle".

(Chorus).

And once there were some gentlemen,
Who said my eyes were blue,
And sparkled with true Irish fun,
And that was *you, you, you.*
They said my hair, of mid-night hue,
Looked pretty in a coil,
And if "I'd *nothing* else to do",
They'd *marry,* Nellie Doyle.

(Chorus).

Baby Boy

I called you "baby boy", when first we met,
In that dear Southern clime, 'neath the bright sunset
You came right to me then, without a fear,
And we plighted our troth, that grand New Year.
You lay your bonny head there, upon my breast,
To ease your troubled heart, and take your rest.
And when your glowing eyes, gazed into mine,
I felt that I would always for you pine.

Loves Memories

Oft' in my dreams, I see you, dear,
As you were, in days gone by,
My eyes are dimmed with many a tear,
Just through that long ago tie,
When you and I were Sweethearts, true,
In that dear old Southern clime,
With ne'er a thought, that skies of blue,
Would change, with the lapse of time.

Chorus

Carry me back, to the days of yore,
To the days I used to know,
Before my hair turned a silv'ry gray,
Or my steps were weak, and slow.
Carry me back to my passionate Rose,
In that dear, old Southern clime,
Whose heart was love as it throbbed so close,
Through all that beautiful time.

In mem'ry oft' I feel you near,
Far across, the bridge of years,
Your sweet dream-face looks into mine,
With a love that holds no fears.
I hear your voice sing once again
The songs of the long ago,
'til o'er my heart there steals a pain,
For the days I used to know.

(Chorus).

Cross-Roads

She stood at the Crossing, of two different roads,
That beckoned her, each, their way;
The *one* was named Duty, with Avenues cold,
The *other* was *love,* so gay.
She gazed along *Duty,* whose bare, dreary streets,
Streched far, in a dismal row,
While *love* was well lighted, and full of *good eats,*
And *pleasure,* that was not *slow.*

She's only a baby, adrift in the town,
With neither a friend, nor foe,
While *love* whispers softly,—*I'll give a good time,*
And no one will ever know;
Then thoughts of her Mother; come quickly to her,
—This girl with the golden hair—
Her steps she retraces,—*to dismal row,*
With its *meal* for *bill of fare.*

For God, up in Heaven, looked down and smiled,
And said to an angel fair,
Fly straight to the city, and guard that child,
—Your baby, with golden hair.—
Again life was sun-shine,—the trials were o'er—
When Mother, for baby's sake,
Forsook her dear Heaven, and entered Earth's door,
To show her the road to take.

Cross Roads.

Fidelity

It was in a crowded court-room,
This scene took place—they say—
Before the Judge, to meet her doom,
Stood a lovely girl, one day.

Her face was like an angel, white,
Her hair was of spun gold,
While eyes of blue, were full of light,
And scorn that was untold.

She gazed upon the people there,
That mocked her in her plight,
As if to say, she did not care,
For she was in the right.

Silence reigned, as the judge did speak,
What can you say, my child,
The charge is *murder,—first degree.*—
She only looked, and smiled.

All eyes were turned upon her, then,
To see what she would do,
—This lovely girl, without a friend,—
Whose favor, she could sue.

So young, so sweet, so innocent,
She looked, a-standing there,
That public verdict soon was rent
Asunder; and would swear

For her;—in face of evidence—
But—Duty is Duty—
As the judge pronounced the sentence
So cruel, her sweet beauty

Never changed;—for a deathless love
And promise, was her aid.
For them, she would brave all danger,
And never be afraid.

Then suddenly, from near the door,
Where all had heard her doom,
A space was cleared,—a man tore
Madly through the court-room

Dusty, and tired,—as from a race—
And cried" *I am her counsel*
Hear me, and I will win the case.

He glanced toward the prisoner,
With passion in his eyes,
While all the people cheered for her,
With many heart-felt cries.

Wiping his eye, the judge arose
And ordered him to speak;
Then, 'midst the silence of the grave,
This lawyer fine, did seek

To show, and prove the innocence
Of this unhappy girl.
She is as pure as an angel,
And not one golden curl

Shall be hurt, or smeared,—he thundered—
I'll prove an alibi.
His dark eyes flashed, with scorn so fierce,
His voice arose on high,

As he proved, mid, breathless silence,
This fateful alibi.
The night that someone killed her sire
—And *she* you crucify—

She was not there, the whole night long,
It was her wedding night—
The secret, for her husband's sake,
She's kept through all this plight.

And all the night, he never left,
His darling's side, at all,
But many troubles, he did have,
To answer, great and small

And so a promise, she did give,
To keep their secret, well,
And never once betray the tie,
'til word he gave to tell.

Mark my words the young lawyer cried,
Here is the alibi,
All the night, they were side by side,
And so she cannot die.

That sounds quite nice, said Lawyer Stern,
With face all in a sneer,
But *where's* the man, *you say,* can turn
And *save* the pretty dear?

Her counsel flashed a look of hate,
That cut just like a knife,
And then he cried—*'tis my good fate*—
The prisoner is *my wife.*

The Land of the Golden Past

The shadows of night are falling,
Over the silvery sea;
Out from the wood, there is calling
The voice of my love, to me.
It tells me of days long gone, dear,
Of days that will come no more,
And mem'ry brings a sigh, a tear,
For laddie, who's gone before.
Boy of my dreams, you're calling me,
From out of the Golden Past,
Here by the sea, I'll answer thee,
And scatter my love broadcast

Chorus

Every star, that's brightly gleaming,
In the sky, so far above,
Every daisy, that is sleeping,
Knows so truly, of my love.
But my heart has ceased its beating,
And there is no loving glance,
Since my darling lies a-sleeping,
Over there, in brave old *France.*

The tangled grasses are waving,
O'er our rendezvous of old,
The roses and daisies are saving
Their kisses of purest gold.

We're waiting for you once again,
My dark-eyed boy from the South,
To feel my passionate kisses,
So close on your velvet mouth.
One is a Daisy, pure and white,
With its pretty silv'ry tips;
The other, a Rose, so warm and bright,
Is pressing your crimson lips.

(Chorus)

Yankee Girls

You ask me who that picture is,
That hangs upon the wall,
And *why* the good old *Stars and Stripes,*
Is draped above it all?
I'll tell you now, the reason why,
We love that picture so;
That laughing, little Yankee girl,
Shot dead, a German foe.

Chorus

Oh, Yankee Girls, dear Yankee Girls,
We love you, one, and all;
With hair *done up,* or *flowing curls,*
We follow at your call.
You give the spice to Yankee life,
You teach us to be brave,
Oh Yankee Girls, dear Yankee Girls,
The *Stars and Stripes* you'll save.

In *khaki* suit, she passed the test,
Right by her lover's side,
And went to war, with all the rest,
To stem the ebbing tide.
And there in battle, fierce and fast,
With *guns* and *kisses* mixed,
She killed a German, who had cast
A *bomb,* right in their midst.

Chorus.

To Lina

I miss you, my Lina, my darling,
The oil has burned low, in the lamp,
Old Rex has begun his night's snoring,
And still are the voices from Camp.
The rain splashes down, in vast torrents,
The wind, through the palms, makes a moan,
"Tis mid-night, my dear, in this cottage,
And I am alone.

Adina has gone to her bed-room,
Out there, in the rain, and the dark,
The voices of night, are all silent,
Not even the sound of a bark.
I want you, my Lina, my darling,
I am tired with worry and care,
I would nestle so closely beside you,
Right there, in the old steamer chair.

I call you, in lowest of voices,
From my heart, in this dreary night;
The echo brings back only noises,
That live in a land, out of sight.
I stretch out my arms to you darling,
Far away, in that snowy zone,
My heart is just full of its longing,
For I am alone.

I miss you, my darling, I miss you;
With its yearning, my very heart aches,
You were always so true, and so faithful,
And fretted, for both of our sakes.
I care not for chatter, nor gossip,
Our God, up in Heaven, will soon
Just answer the prayer of an orphan,
For she is alone.

An Irishman

Where'er you roam, where'er you be,
On land, or on the sea,
And chance to meet an Irishman,
He'll sell his heart for thee.
He'll take your hand, and give his card,
And say, "I'll do my part"
Just call on me, when times are hard";
God bless the Irish heart.

Men of the West Indies

The Men of West Indies,
Are tender, and kind,
To all who have sorrow,
And that you will find.
Their sympathy stretches,
From rich to the poor,
And many a kindness,
Is laid at their door;
In sweetest of voices,
They'll say "don't you mind",
We'll stand by you ever,
"And every one *signed*"
Their honor is steadfast,
They'd fight for the lives
Of sisters, and sweethearts,
And—most of all—wives.
Ye Men of West Indies,
My heart turns to you,
Because you're so honest,
And noble and true,
And if, in the future,
I happen to meet,
In any far country,
'Neath cold, or the heat,
A man from the Tropics
Who's stranded from home,

He's only to call me,
Just over the 'phone,
My pocket I'll empty,
My time I will give,
To pay back the kindness,
I once did receive.

The Parting

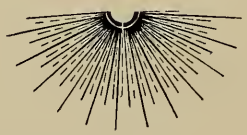
The Boys stood in the marching line,
Just ready for the word,
From their Commander, to proceed,
When this is what they heard
Oh won't you please just, let me say,
A last "good-by" to Jack"?
And there in front of all, was *"Fay"*,
My little Sweetheart,—back—

The Colonel bowed his head, for aye,
The people shouted loud,
And every soldier wiped his eye,
In all that dusty crowd.
One took my gun, as like a flash,
Her head was on my breast,
The music started with a crash,
As soft and low, I said,

Chorus

Dear Baby Girl, I'm called to fight,
And march to Sousa's band,
The "Allies" sure will see a sight,
When Yankee boys do land.
We"ll show them what the *Stars and Stripes*
Has *bred* by *Liberty,*
We'll fight, 'til U. S. A. soon wipes
The *Whole* of *Germany.*

So dry your eyes, my pretty dear,
And kiss your boy *good-bye,*
For with the coming of New Year,
You'll smile, instead of sigh.
We'll wear upon our coats, a sign,
To show that we've been brave,
For *Yankee Boys,* will *Block the Line,*
And situation, *Save.*



An Imaginary Raid, by the Germans, on Jamaica, B. W. I.

Forward march!—and at the Major's word,
The tramp of a hundred men was heard,
As, standing in line, that morning gray,
In suits of khaki, went R. G. A.*

From out of the Fort, where safety lay,
Went a hundred men, that summer's day,
A smile on their lips,—as if 'twere play—
To meet the Germans,—went R. G. A.

Marching along, through the morning dew,
By lovely meadows, the road ran through;
By growing cornfields, and wavelets gay,
Onward, still onward, tramped R. G. A.

The blossoms, sweet, of the mango trees,
While falling fast, on the gentle breeze,
Did sprinkle their dewy, perfumed spray,
Right in the face, of the R. G. A.

And a lonesome sigh, passed through the ranks,
Tramping those fragrant mango banks,
For their own dear orchards, far away,
—The English orchards, of R. G. A.—

Onward March—The dream, so sweet, was gone;
Down old Rockfort Road, and straight through town,
Clattered our troops, that beautiful day,
Awaiting to face the German fray.

And, like a flash, in the Tropic sun,
Soon a hundred sabres gleamed like one,
As the sound of drum, and bugle gay,
Thundered the charge, for the R. G. A.

Halt! What is this? A dark sleeping child
Roused by the call of the music, wild,
Sat between the ranks, that morning, gray,
Right in the path, of the R. G. A.

Nothing caring, this babe of the South,
Her chubby finger, within her mouth,
Her little "pinny" with oranges gay,
Just stared at the guns, of R. G. A.

Then quickly fixed, for a flag of truce,
A handkerchief, white, soon fluttered loose,
In front of the steel, of German hate,
Galloped the Major, to save its fate.

And up beside him, he swung the child,
With a pat on the baby face, that smiled;
While our soldier boys, with faces gay,
Cheered for their gallant *Major Lusay.*

Straight from the lines, of his halted men,
While the wild hurrahs, rang out again,
This dauntless leader, spurred his way,
Right to the Mother, that summer's day,

And gave her the Babe, unharmed and well,
There in the path, of that German Hell.
And the natives, all, unto this day,
Would give their lives, for *Major Lusay.*

While within that lonely cottage door,
A Mother did pray, as ne'er before,
That God would save his life that day,
And all the soldiers, of R. G. A.

Then soon was heard a *Charge,* like thunder,
As though an earthquake rent asunder
The earth,—where now the smoke clouds gray,
Shrouded the path of the R. G. A.

A little later, and all was done,
The battle over,—the vic'try won,
Nothing was left of the German fray,
That faced the ranks, of the R. G. A.

Nothing was there, save the bloody stain,
That darkened the earth, where men were slain;
Dead, the *Chief* of the Germans, lay,
Alive, our fearless *Major Lusay.*

Huddled together, the German crew,
Have gone to their final rendezvous;
Their graves to cover— out of the away—
And back to *Nugent,* went R. G. A.

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* R. G. A. signifies Royal Garrison Artillery.

Shadow-Faces

As I wander alone in the twilight,
The faces I long to see,
Come slowly from out of the shadows,
And whisper their love to me.
I see my young mother, with golden hair,
As she rocked in the long ago,
A babe in her arms, and softly cooed
"My darling, I love you so".
But now the golden hair is turning white,
And her voice is low and sad,
As she prays this prayer to God each night,
For her bonnie soldier lad.

"Oh God in Heaven, take care of my boy,
My Baby of years ago,
Now he's a soldier, just doing his bit,
"Over there" in the fighting row.
Give him courage, and faith, and strength to win
—If he has a bit of a chance—
Both Glory and Honor, 'til eyes grow dim,
While fighting for Victory, in France".

And then my young sister, in all her pride
Comes out of the Shadows too,
A smile on her face, while closely beside
Is *she* who said "I love you".

I feel her soft kisses, so sweet and pure,
While the tear-drops glisten there,
As she strains to her heart, her Soldier Boy,
And whispers these words of care.

"My Soldier in khaki, I'll wait for thee,
Far over the deep blue sea,
I'll pray to our Father, who governs all,
To send you safe home to me.
So when there is danger, though well I know,
You're the *first* to face it there,
I'll feel that you're guarded, and safe from harm,
When you're in our Saviour's care.
And each night, when the twilight is falling,
My spirit will cross the sea,
And you'll hear in your dreams, my voice calling
"Come out in the Shadows, to me".

Give the Kiddies a Square Deal

Why don't the parents realize,
That the Kiddies have a right
To demand a square deal always,
When their Wills clash in the fight?

Does a little sweet-mouthed baby,
Wish to be forever kissed,
By each motherly old lady,
When its helpless to resist?

And when a little older grown,
He does exercise his right
To refuse their well meant kisses,
He is spanked, right in their sight.

Some parents think that children are
Just slaves, at their beck, and call;
That kiddies owe a debt to them,
Because they are here at all.

But is that strictly true, you think,
Of the World, that lives to-day?
"That people marry, just because
They want a little baby".

When your laddie says "I won't" Ma,
Before you seize the ruler,
Or threaten that you'll tell his Pa,
Just wait until you're cooler;

Then call the little lad to you,
And explain the reason *"why"*
You wanted him that thing to do,
You will see, you'll hear him cry

"Why Mozzer dear, of tource I will,
Don't ou know I love ou so,
I'll be ure bestest ittle boy,
And no bozzer ou sall know".

And we "grown ups", for all we've done,
Are just kiddies, big and tall,
"Command" we like to take from *none,*
While *"persuasion"* draws us all.

More Swans than One

'Twas in the city of Boston,
That the Aldermen did take,
One day, a sudden notion,
To put swan-boats on the lake
That was in the Public Garden,
Where the Kiddies went to play,
For they thought 'twould give them pleasure
When they sailed in them, each day.

So the Boston City Fathers,
Called a meeting for their sake,
As they wished to know how many
Of the swan-boats, they would take.

Then up rose the stately Chairman,
And in meditative voice,
He suggested that a dozen,
Would, he thought, be a good choice.
But quickly a spendthrift Father,
Did vote, "Let us have some more",
As there'll be no extra bother,
Why not make it "Twenty-four?"

And then a burly Irishman,
Who'd been dosing all the time,
And thinking they were voting for
Swan "birds" in the lake, so fine,
Arose, and cried, I vote for *two,*
Which will save the City Purse,
A male and *female* will just do,
"Then let Nature take its course".

My Irish Terrier "Rex"

I have a friend, that stands by me,
In fair, or stormy weather;
And when I go down to the sea,
We always go together.

He's not noted, for his beauty,
—But to me he is a peach—
For he always does his duty,
And I do not have to teach.

I look into his great, brown eyes,
Where love and worship shine,
And feel how strongly knit, are ties
That bind his heart to mine.

And when, upon my wheel, I take,
A spin beside the sea,
Tho' often hungry, he'll forsake
His meal, to be with me.

He jumps and gambols, by the way,
But at my call he comes,
He makes my heart so light and gay,
—This dearest, best of chums.—

But woe betide, if any one,
Should come a bit too near,
There's not a thing, beneath the sun,
Would save them, that I fear.

For my *Rex,* he is a King, sir,
—No mongrel cur, is he;
An Irish girl,—An Irish dog—
Can *fight,* if need to be.

And I love him, oh, I love him,
My faithful Irish Rex,
And though his eyes are growing dim,
He's best of all his sex.

Love in "War Time"

When the twilight hour is falling,
And the shadows come and go,
When the Nightingale is calling,
In a voice so soft and low,
It is then, my heart is dreaming
Of a night, beside the sea,
Under neath the searchlight gleaming,
When I said these words to thee.

Chorus

Farewell Mavourneen,—the rise of the dawn
Will see us all gather at Duty's stern call;
I'm sailing to France, where others have gone,
To fight for our country, and often times fall;
And here by the sea, where memories dwell,
I'll hold you still closer, and say our farewell;
My tears will meet yours, I'll echo your sigh,
And take all your kisses, with me, 'til I die.
On your dear finger, my ring you will wear,
While I place o'er my heart, a curl of your hair.

When the silv'ry moon is shining,
O'er the ocean, vast and grand,
I can hear my darling sighing,
As she strolls upon the sand.
And from far, her soft voice calling,
Over land, and over sea,
"*Khaki boy*", are you still thinking
Of these words you said to me?

(Chorus).

My Dream Man

I drempt of a Laddie, both young and fair,
And clean, in each thought and deed;
His watchward was *"honor"*, and none did dare
Lay a stain upon his creed.

He was manly and true, and at duty's call
No priest was more faithful, than he;
He gave a "square deal" to each one, and all
This laddie,—in dreams, that I see.—

He gave to them all, from his bright young life,
A smile, and a pleasant word,
And many there were, in this world of strife,
That blessed his name, as they heard.

He was strong to do, what he thought was right,
—To advise, or critisize—
And those that did listen, soon realized
His words of wisdom, to prize.

And in the heart of this dream boy, there lies
A reverence for women;
It is the chivalry, that never dies,
But which appears so seldom.

His heart is asleep, but if it should hear
The voice of true love, 'twould awake,
And then he will know, and hold his life dear,
"Just for a little girl's sake".

Oh, may she prove worthy of dear "dream-boy",
Who'll save her from worry and care
And not hold his honor, like a play toy,
As those of Society, dare.

For this laddie, I see in my dreams,
Has kept himself far aloof
Mid worldly pleasures, that deteriorate
To-day, the brightest of our Youth.

Dream-boy, a lesson you have taught to me,
That sometimes slander has been said,
For men, in all sincerity,
May *"honor"* hold, and not be *"dead"*.

The Solution of the Servant Problem

My dear little "Nana",—the queen of maids—
Is faithful, as servants of old,
Tho' her color be brown, of the Sunny South,
Her heart is a heart of gold.

Oh my Nana, my dear little Nana,
My maid from a tropical clime,
We'll sail away, to the dear home land,
And you'll have a beautiful time.

You'll never be scolded, or rubbed the wrong way,
In England,—the land of the free—
For our servants, to us, are children dear,
In that land, far over the sea.

We love them, and care them, and treat them well,
So a peaceable life, live we.
They laugh and sing, as their duties they ply,
And *love* is the name of the key.

The problem of servants, that fret so much,
The whole of the fair women kind,
Is easily solved, if they'd only try,
To make better the lives they find.

For "love begets love", in every clime,
Is an axiom tried and proved:
If the ladies would use this golden rule,
The servants would never be rude:

"To do unto others, as you would like
The others to do unto you".
If carefully followed, these words will give
A *solution,* perfectly *true.*

A Prayer

Our Father in Heaven, to whom mortals pray,
Please list' to my prayer this night,
For my heart is so sad, no glimmering ray,
Through the darkness; sheds a light.

The brother I worship, who holds my heart's blood,
Is weary, and tired of life
He's very unhappy, with thoughts that do flood
His mind, with eternal strife.

In your mercy and love, dear God, from above,
Send *peace* to his tortured soul,
Make his heart as calm as a beautiful dove,
And the pain, far distant roll.

Give him joy, and comfort, and all that is good,
As long as his life shall last,
For to better the world, he's done all he could,
In the two and thirty years past.

Dear father in Heaven,—my *life* I will give,
And I may be cast away,
If only you'll promise, my brother shall live
In the sun-shine, day by day.

Swimming Song

In compliment to "Tot" R. G. A.

Come little girl, and swim with me,
Your hands I'll hold, as tight can be;
Throw out your arms, and cast out fear,
No harm can come, while I am near.

For I'm a jolly good swimmer,
As all the girls can testify,
Winter, Autumn, Spring, or Summer,
This truth I surely verify.

Don't be afraid to come with me,
Never mind Mother, if she does see,
My arms are strong, I'll hold you tight,
You and I, make a pretty sight.

For I don't mind, if you're afraid,
I long to have, on my heart laid,
Your pretty head, and golden hair,
"I love you, dear", and I don't care.

Rough old sea, he's a pal of mine,
All I did was to give the sign,
The wind did blow,—the waves were high,
Little girl kissed,—without a cry.

I'm Still Your China Doll

Once you called me "China Doll",
In the days gone by;
Then you filled my heart with dreams,
That were too sweet to last;

Now I waken from that vision,
And *alone* I sigh,
Still through all, my heart keeps crying
From the past.

Chorus

I'm your "China Doll", your own China Doll,
Broken, forgotten, and cast away;
Those eyes, that you kissed, are hid in a mist
Of tears, most every day.
I'm your China Doll, your golden-haired China Doll,
Forever I hear you call—
"Come back, China Doll,—Oh please, China Doll
I love you after all—my China Doll".

Night brings dreams of only you,
As of days gone by,
Then at morn, I soon awake
To find 'tis all in vain;
Still I wander back forever,
To those golden days
And I find my heart still
Echos this refrain.

(Chorus).

Baby's Picture

A poor old mother, held one day,
In hands so frail and white,
A picture of her baby boy,
Who was her heart's delight.
Some five and twenty years ago,
He nestled on her breast;
His little hands, caressed her face,
As he was lulled to rest.

Rock-a-bye baby, go to sleep,
In Mother's arms, so true,
Hush-a-bye baby, angels keep
Their watch and guard, o'er you.

And as she saw his laughing face,
—That little picture king—
She thought of all his winning ways,
And how she used to sing
Rock-a-bye baby, go to sleep,
In Mother's arms so true,
Hush-a-bye baby, angels keep
Their watch, and guard o'er you.

The tears soon fell, both thick and fast,
From aged eyes of brown,
For now this laughing baby boy,
Is fighting for the *"crown"*.

He's big and strong, and wears a suit
Of khaki, every day,
He's one of a brave Company,
"The gallant R. G. A "*

For they fight for England's glory,
The Boys of R. G. A
Their Honour, and their Bravery,
Shines brighter, every day.
They are first in love, or battle,
The gallant R. G. A.
They break more hearts, than other men,
Or so the people say.

So we love the brave, dear laddies,
Boys of the R. G. A.
For they give their lives, that we may live
In safety, day by day.
Amidst the battle's shot and shell,
Or in the Fort, at play
Where e'er they be, these noble lads,
Still hear a soft voice say.

Rock-a-bye baby, go to sleep,
In Mother's arms, so true,
Hush-a-bye baby, angels keep
Their watch and guard, o'er you.

* R. G. A. signifies Royal Garrison Artillery.

The Yankees Beat the Dutch

Old England far across the sea,
Is like a bull-dog strong,
She'll fight for every liberty,
And rectify each wrong.
They've fought the Germans, fierce and fast,
As shown by every crutch,
But U. S. A. must go at last,
"For yankees beat the dutch".

Chorus

Then here's to our English brother,
And what he represents,
Here's to the friendly *"Stars and stripes"*,
With their *dollars and cents.*
For now our glorious *"eagle"*,
—The emblem of the free—
Will carry help to the *"allies"*,
And *shine* far o'er the sea.

The "Stars and Stripes", and "Uuion Jack"
Shake hands, from every roof;
And khaki laddies, do not lack
For love, and that's the truth.
In *war,* or *love,* 'tis all the same
The Boys of U. S. A.
Will fight, or spoon, and "play the game",
For yankees, beat the dutch.

(Chorus).

Cruel Germany, can never hold
Its own, when Yankee Land
Sends Yankee Boys, and Yankee gold,
To help the *allied* band.
They'll ne'er have e'en a fighting chance,
—Those *brutes* across the sea;
Now Yankee soldiers, are in France,
'Tis *"hell"* for Germany.

(Chorus).

My Little "Gray Room" in New York

My little "gray room" in New York,
In size, is a champagne cork:
The four walls are trying to kiss,
And meet, in wonderful bliss.
The ceiling comes close to my head,
And "bugs" hold the folding-bed.
The only thing "swell" is the rate,
So that brings me "up to date".

My little "gray room" in New York,
Is a good old pal to me:
A mason true—it ne'er will tell—
What does happen there to me.
As to the gas jet I affix
A handy "Apparatus"
You know the rest—there's many tricks—
When *"war times"* over take us.

My little "gray room" in New York,
Is strange to the shining sun;
It turns up its nose at the heat,
With snow on the window-seat.
To clean the room, they seldom care,
—Microbes are the "bill of fare".—
So when "food-stuffs" are very few
I always have a *"menu"*

My little "gray room" in New York,
Frowns down a "bit of a lark";
Its lonesome, and dreary, and sad,
'til oft times I nearly go mad:
Its style is well known to all
Who follow elusive Fame's, call.
So can't you guess its name to be
"Just "Respectability".

Emblems

There's *gold* in the heart of the Daisy,
There's *love* in the heart of a Rose,
To gather the daisy,—you're crazy,
While the beautiful Rose,—is froze—

I Wish I Were a Man

I would like to be a fighter,
And in France to do my "*bit*",
And if I were not a woman,
Sure I'd go and pack my "kit";
When I hear the boys a-drumming,
All the songs of deathless fame
Then I soon begin a-humming,
And I'm sure I'd make a name;
I am not afraid of saying,
A good-bye, to any man,
And I dearly want to enter,
This great struggle, if I can;
I am filled with agitation,
Though I neither cry, nor sigh,
And to all my many neighbors,
I do make this one reply.

Chorus

Oh, I want to fight the *Kaiser*,
Oh, I want to do my "*bit*",
I will cross the mighty ocean,
Never mind, if I get hit;
For I love my home and Country,
And my heart is ever true,
To thee, our own *America*,
Three cheers, for the "*red, white,* and *blue*"

Soul-Mates

'Twas only a face in a throng,
That gazed, for a moment, in mine;
Soul spoke to soul, from ages long,
As he marched in the fighting line.

He flashed a glance, that seemed to say
Heart of my heart, I know you,
I will return to you some day,
And for a sweet promise, I'll sue.

I heard the tramp of marching men,
As down the city street, they filed,
But in my heart, I saw just *one,*
—The Soldier Boy, who looked and smiled.—

His name, nor rank, I do not know,
In this vast Universe, of woe,
But to my Soul-mate I'll be true,
He'll not forget,—his eyes said so.—

And I am sure he'll find me yet,
What e'er betide,—'tis deathless fate—
"For when two souls, from God are sent,
No power on earth, can separate".

A Government Job

An office clerk sat at his desk,
With thoughts far, far away,
For well he knew, he did not risk
His job, the next "pay-day".
Long lines of figures, stared him in
The face, but that was meant
Just as a pastime, for his job
Is in the Government.

A lady came and questioned him
About her revenue;
With bored, and languid air, he said
Just wait a day or two.
Then straightway it did slip his mind
Until, with anger rent
She called once more,—to hear these words
"Slow" is the government.

The *"Taxes"* soared so very high,
We all looked Heavenward;
He only smiled, when we did sigh,
He's in the Government.
We had no sugar for our tea,
'Til some a neighbor lent,
And then we knew that surely he
Was in the Government.

One day, he met a girl he loved
And asked to be his wife,
Said she to him "my dear, can you
Support me all your life?"
His dark eyes sparkled with delight,
As close he hugged her tight,
"You bet your life, *we'll* live alright,
I'm in the Government".

Send off Day

New York City.

I see a big company marching past.
Khaki-covered, and stern,
Each with his face set hard and fast,
While feet move quick and firm.
But never more shall we hear their laughter,
In old Van Cortlandt Park,
For little we see, in these stern faced men,
Of our laddies, who loved a lark.
Full well they know, the trenches yawn for all,
In far away old France;
Though they are big and strong, manly and tall,
'Tis but a fighting chance.
Out of all these sweethearts, fathers, brothers,
Marching so bravely past,
Are they but going to fall, where others
Have in the dirt been cast?
My God! why do you let such things to be?
Why crush our very soul?
For, for everyone of the marching men,
Some woman *must* pay toll.
Some dear loving heart is crushed and broken
As she sees *"her man"* march past,
Whilst next his heart is a loving token,
Placed there, by her, at last.
She tries to smile, as she stands in the line,
And waves a last "Good-bye",

But deep in her heart, is an anguished sigh,
And a prayer to God on high
"To care this Company now marching past,
To spare the lives of all,
And bring them safely back, to Yankee land,
When Germany does fall.

Liberty

L—is—*love* for the U. S. A.
That free and happy land,
Where all the people like to play
And dance to Sousa's band.

I—is for "Independence Day"
The day that made us free,
And we remember o'er our "tay"
That battle on the sea.

B—is—for *bus'ness,* broad and wide,
Throughout this clever land;
For true, our *President* does guide
Both with his mind and hand.

E—is—for glorious *eagle,*
—Our bird of great renown—
That spreads its wings c'er the people,
In every *yankee* town.

R—is—for *ready* quick and fast,
To help the war along,
For U. S. A., as in the past—
Is *first* to right a wrong.

T—is—for *tactics* up to date,
As *all* our foes do know,
President Wilson, sure as fate,
Knows *how* to run the show.

Y—is—for dear old *yankee land,*
—The name that beats the band;—
For all our folks, have lots of sand,
In good old *yankee land.*

The U. S. A. is God's own land,
—The land of *Liberty*
Hip, Hip, Hurrah, for U. S. A.
Ours, for Eternity.
And underneath the Stars and Stripes,
Our President will see,
That we appreciate his rule,
That gives us *Liberty.*

The people, 'neath the Stars and Stripes,
Wherever they may roam,
Will always call the U. S. A.
Their home, their dear old home.
And pray our glorious Eagle,
—The emblem of the free—
To spread its wings, and follow them,
While wand'ring o'er the sea.

Lure of the Tropics

There's a land where the sun always shines,
Called the beautiful Tropical Zone;
'Tis the fairest of all other climes,
And when there, you will never more roam.

We can meet in this heavenly land,
All our friends, from the old U. S. A.
For they long to wear "fig leaves" and "tan",
When the blizzards are holding full sway.

In the Tropics, you find your lost health,
As the rich, and the poor, oft' do tell,
Though no doctor is needed, nor wealth,
In this country, where all look so well.

'Tis the glorious sun-shine o'er all,
With the breeze that does blow far away,
All the ills, that you've suffered so long,
In the North, where you're rushed, night and day.

And the languor that steals o'er you here,
In this beautiful tropical zone,
Makes you take a "siesta", my dear,
So you hear not the ring of the 'phone.

For your dreams are Utopian bliss,
As you list' to the mocking-bird's cry,
And you feel the soft wind's gentle kiss,
While you sleep in the hammock, and sigh

Lure of the Tropics.

With contentment, you knew not up North,
For 'twas hurry from morn into night,
'Til you longed for the beautiful South,
Where the days are an endless delight.

Then "You hear the Tropics calling,
Won't you come and rest awhile,
Where the sun-shine, warm, is falling,
And the people always smile?"

"Come and be just free and easy,
For we never hurry much,
Though we play at being busy,
To "Mañana" we leave such".

So wherever we may wander,
We will feel the lure, as then,
Of the Tropics calling yonder,
And we'll hurry back again.

Note.—"Siesta" signifies sleep for a short time.
"Mañana" signifies to-morrow.

A Rusty Door Key

Last night, in sorting o'er an un-used trunk,
I found an old forgotten key,
Deep, in a crevice, where it had sunk
As though embedded in the sea.

When, in my hand, I took it tenderly,
Hot tears ran down my cheeks, and fell
Upon it.—This rusty, long-forgotten key—
For ah:—I knew its story well.

A little cottage door—A trysting place—
Where Love was weighed against the world,
And everything was naught, save *one* dear face;
But soon, Love, from its throne, was hurled.

And the nest left vacant.—I came not back—
Then followed days of blank despair,
When every minute of the time, did lack
The treasure of his love, and care.

I wandered far away,—now here, now there,
Trying to find a balm for pain,
Sometimes eating dainty, sometimes humble fare,
But *everywhere* twas all in vain.

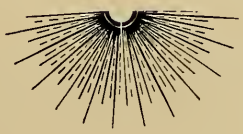
On its steel, once so shiny, and so new,
Spots of brownish rust, has grown;
Still, I wonder—to its lock—is it true?
Though long days, that Love has flown.

Will it open still the door for poor me?
Though I have no claim to be there,
Will it let me rest my wings, just to see
The Nest, that once, was all my care?

Perhaps a different lock is on the door—
And oh, if I should venture there,
What would I find—to make my heart more sore—
Ghosts—and a Stranger's haughty stare?

I took the key, and put it far away,
Down in the un-used trunk again,
A souvenir,—of once a happy day,
Before my faith in love was slain.

Farewell to you, dear little rusty key,
No more the light of day, will cross your steel;
For now 'tis only tears, you give to me,
And naught of sorrows, can you heal.



Somewhere

Soldier of mine:

Somewhere in France, you are fighting
The battles that rage, alway,
"Somewhere" the "cause" you are righting
That gives the heart-ache to-day.

"Somewhere", 'neath stars in the gloaming,
Tired eyes are drooping with sleep,
"Somewhere", my darling is roaming,
In lands, far over the deep.

"Somewhere" your voice I hear calling,
Calling so sweetly to me;
"Somewhere" a tear-drop is falling,
Falling for you, and for me.

"Somewhere" our Saviour is keeping
His watch, and guard over thee,
"Somewhere" in battle you're fighting,
And winning the grand V. C.

"Somewhere" in dreamland, you're keeping
A dear little spot for me;
"Somewhere", when Nature is sleeping,
You're dreaming sweet dreams of me.

"Somewhere" your spirit is calling
To mine, far over the sea;
"Somewhere" sweet kisses are falling
On lips, that are true to thee.

"Somewhere" your *life* you are risking
To succour a Nation's woe;
"Somewhere" your sad heart is aching,
Whilst fighting the German foe.

"Somewhere" your sweetheart is praying
That God will merciful be,
"Somewhere" to-night she is saying
"God bless you, and care for thee".

A Soldier's Dream of Home

I saw my old Mother, and sisters so dear,
As they sat by the fire-side glow;
I heard the faint murmur of voices so sweet
As they whispered in accents low,
Of their dear soldier boy, in the trenches deep,
Far away from home and Mother;
I saw their dear faces, all wet with the tears,
That fell for their absent brother.

Chorus

I'm dreaming of home, dear old home,
Home of my boyhood, and mother,
Voices so sweet, soothe me to sleep
As I dream of dear old Mother.
For there's a sweet face, in the night
That bends o'er my cot, with such care;
'Tis Heaven, this beautiful sight,
"Dear old Mother,—with snow-white hair".

I heard my dear Mother, in accents of pride,
Describe the brave deeds of her son,
Foretelling his future, at no distant day,
When battles are over, and won.
And dear little Mollie, my sweetheart of old,
Would listen, while eyes sparkled bright,
As she took from her neck her locket of gold,
Yo kiss her dear Soldier Good-night.

(Chorus)

My yellow canary was looking so sweet,
As it slept in its gilded cage,
While out in the darkness, from out of the fog,
Came the bark of my dear old dog.
I gazed on the homestead, and loved ones so near,
And tears from a soldier did fall,
Though he wore on his breast, the famous V. C.
He's Mother's own child, after all.

(Chorus)

Taps

Beneath the starry; moonlit sky
A soldier lies, and heaves a sigh,
For just one little drink of *rye*,
To keep him from collapse;
For rising far, on frosty air,
Across the Park, so drear and bare,
There 'neath the stars, he can just hear
The nightly call of *Taps*.

And now it is to bed he goes—
The weary soldier's eyelids close,
Forgetting all his many woes,
And thinking not of scraps.
He dreams of home, so far away,
And what they all will have to say
When he comes back, with medals gay,
"And then he loves his *Taps*."

In a cafe' across the street,
Are many soldiers, oh so neat,
Quenching their thirst, and talking sweet
To girls, in pretty caps.
But as the bugle calls once more,
They slowly stride toward the door,
And then return, to make it *four*
Before they answer *Taps*.

Along the old park road, there strays,
—Tis History now, for many days—
A khaki boy, who softly says,
To his *own girl*—perhaps—
This is the last time, Flossie dear,
That I can stroll with you, this year,
Just one more kiss, there's no one near,
And we will name it *Taps*.

Note.—At the sound of "taps", everyone is ordered to be in bed, and all lights extinguished.

Love

Love is like the mighty ocean,
With its full and ebbing tide,
Days of passionate devotion
Follow those, in which we sighed.

There are days we speak so coldly,
To the loved one by our side,
And no thrills set pulses throbbing,
As we kiss at eventide.

Then we think that love has vanished,
And for that we oft have cried;
But 'tis only that it languished,
With the ebbing of the tide.

There's another day acoming,
When the tide is flowing in,
And then love sets hearts athrobbing,
With its music and its din.

For true love is ever deathless,
Be it full or ebbing tide;
Days of passion, days of coldness,
Always follow, side by side.

Thoughts Suggested at the Hippodrome

If every one would do their *bit,*
All wrongs we could re-dress,
If "woman" could put in a "kit"
All clothes she did possess,
Instead of piling high the bills,
In every draper's shop
To gratify her taste for silks,
To show at every "hop",
The surplus cash, that used to buy
Gowns pretty, for the dance,
Would buy much *bread* made out of *rye,*
So *wheat* could go to *France.*

But these same women stand about,
And talk just of *suffrage,*
Of what they want to do, they shout,
Until they're quite the craze.
But *this* I've noticed, as I've walked,
To save car-fare, the while,
These women: That have so much *talked,*
Never give up the *style.*

At Night-Time

I thrill at the touch, of your firm, strong arm,
As my head, thereon, does rest,
And I feel the throb of your heaving breast,
As close, by its side, I press.

I hear your dear voice, in its softest tones,
Sing the songs of long ago;
While the storm without, and the wind's fierce moans,
Add a requiem, below.

But nothing can harm, as I'm lulled to rest,
'Gainst a heart so brave and true,
While two blessed lips, kiss me with zest,
Just *what* do you think I *do?*

A Kiss for Dessert

I have made your dinner, dearie,
—The engineer's sweetheart said—
For though I am very weary,
My boy, must really be fed.
There's not any pie, nor pudding,
So to you I'll give just this—
—And on his lips, so lingering,
She gave a "cuddly" kiss.

The engineer "tidied" in haste,
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much, at the taste,
Hid in his humble food;
While all about, were visions,
Full of prophetic bliss,
But he *never* thought that the reason,
Was his little sweetheart's *kiss*.

And she, with thoughts ever flying,
To save the silvery dime,
Will laugh and never be sighing,
So then he'll have a good time.
And thus, how many a shadow,
Of life, and fate, we shall miss,
If always, our frugal dinners,
Are flavored, with a *kiss*.

Jamaica

Take me back to old Jamaica,
Where the cane and mango grow,
Where the Darkies say "Miss Nellie",
For they love me, don't you know?

And the sun is always shining,
On that lovely little isle,
Every cloud, with silver lining,
Tarries there, to make one smile.

When the Moon is softly gleaming,
O'er that land of beauty fair,
When the langour sets us dreaming,
It is then we have no care.

There we find such loving people,
With their hearts, of purest gold;
There the life is sweet and restful,
And we never feel the cold.

In that land, there is no hurry,
Life is not a vexing trial,
For we never feel the worry,
That makes *living*,—not worth while.

When we hear the darkies singing,
As they play their old guitar,
And the sound of laughter ringing
From the roadside, near and far.

We will feel, like never caring
For the outside world again,
And to be, like them, a wearing
Just a smile, in 'shine or rain.

When a Girl is "Alone in New York"

Alone, in *New York*,—what a pitiful thing,
Is it strange, if all things go wrong?
She sits in her room, and dear memories bring
The long ago time, with its song.
She looks in the street, and the fast-moving throng
Seems to draw her, against her will;
She throws on her coat, and quickely is one,
Of many, who "time" try to kill.

Alone, in *New York*,—with its glitter and gold,
She smiles in its face, every day:
Her nature is brave, though she finds the world cold,
She knows that fretting, don't pay;
But *God* up on high, he is watching with care,
This dear little girl, in New York;
He knows every day, just *how much*, she can bear,
When *alone*, in this great "New York".

Alone in *New York*,—though she strolls with the crowd
—Not even her *dog* by her side—
She looks at the shops, with their dresses so loud,
And wishes to Heaven, she'd died,
Before she set foot, in this big lonesome town,
Whose heart-throbs, are one daily groan,
"For if you have cares, and great sorrows to drown,
Ne'er come to a city, "alone".

Alone in *New York*,—with its heat and its cold.
She tries to adjust the World's wrongs;
Her head she holds high, though her purse has no gold,
—This proud little writer, of songs.—

She passes the homes, of the rich and the great,
As she aimlessly strolls along,
And thinks of the wealth, that a far-reaching fate,
Has given this popular throng.

Alone in *New York*,—exposed to temptation,
With never a friend, near at hand,
To counsel, and guide, and give all attention,
And sometimes, a word of command.
Ye men of New York,—will you listen? Please do,
Remember, this favor I sue,
"All girls, when alone, who are honest and true,
Claim help, and protection, from *you*".

Don't Let Go.

When the World seems topsy turvy,
And there's no way out at all,
Don't let go, but sit right steady,
Or no doubt, you'll have a fall.

When you are so tired of trying,
'Cause you get no further on,
Just forever, keep on smiling,—
'Tis the darkest, before dawn.

When you're tired, and weak, and hungry,
And your feet move very slow,
"Hold your head a little higher",
And for God's sake, *don't let go.*

Just ahead—around the corner—
Is a bright, and shining light,
And you'll reach it, soon or later,
If you only do what's right.

For no matter what Dame Trouble,
Or Temptation, has to show,
There is nothing lasts forever,—
—So be brave—and *don't let go.*

Oh! It's Lovely to be Twenty

When I was a lad of "twenty",
I loved every little girl,
Sweet sixteen, or just turned "fifty",
She was *still* my little girl.

We would wander in the moonlight,
And I'd squeeze her hand so tight,
'Til her "Daddy", or her "Hubby",
Came before us in the light.

Then he'd look at us so funny,
From the corner of his eye,
And he'd even call me "Sonny",
As he'd say these words, and sigh.

Chorus

Oh, its lovely to be "twenty",
And to have a little girl,
That will give you kisses plenty,
Through each tangled golden curl,
That will hug and squeeze, so funny,
As she sits upon your knee,
Oh, its lovely,—when you're "twenty",
Making love, beside the sea.

Now my years have just turned "eighty",
And my hair is snowy-white,
But when Flossie, Nell, or Katie,
Dance before me, in the light,

Then, I feel a boy of "twenty",
And my heart goes pit-a-pat,
In my arms, I'd like to waltz them,
But alas, I am too fat.

Chorus.

A Bit of Old Adam

From years long gone, I've always been,
A lover of the wimmen,
If they were stout, or very thin,
My love was still a-brimmim.

To pretty Flo, or saucy Belle,
To loving Lil, or Kate,
I'd kiss them all, and surely tell
Each one, they were my fate.

But there was one, whose eyes of blue,
Ne'er had a smile for me,
Whose rosy lips, so sweet and true,
Were scornful, as could be.

I always felt I'd love to sip,
As doth the little bee,
The honey from that rosy lip,
That had no kiss for me.

Flo's kiss is sweet, and so are all
That I have tasted yet,
But sweeter far, than all the rest,
"Is the kiss I didn't get".

Why is it?

Many times I think and wonder,
Why we're never satisfied,
And that all our wants and wishes,
Never can be gratified?

I am ever looking, yearning,
For the joy I cannot find,
Why is it there is no learning,
That gives peace unto the mind?

But I'm gay, and ever smiling,
To the outward world, you know,
No one knows the constant longing,
Just for happiness below.

And I see upon the faces,
That I meet from day to day,
Just the same old weary struggle,
Nothing satisfies—they say—

And I ask myself the question,
Why, oh why, must it be so,
Why can't Humans learn the lesson,
That the dumb brutes seem to know,

"That to be content forever,
With the lot we have in life",
Is the secret that will banish,
All the longings, and the strife.

Dreamland

At night, when the moon-beams are gleaming,
And the beautiful roses smile,
A dear little dream is speeding,
Without any thought of guile,
Far away from my dreamland fancy,
Till it touches your slumber shore,
And you'll smile as you feel it leaving,
A kiss at your chamber door.

Little Things

Why is it, that the smallest things,
Are the choicest and the best?
Little pearls, and little diamonds,
Will just always stand the test.

That is why, when kindly Nature,
Wanted to give of her best,
She created "little women"
To give man a spur, and zest.

Boys

Boys, you're just the dearest blessing,
That we have in this short life,
Though you be so full of mischief,
And do love a little strife.

For the coming men, to-morrow,
Are you little boys, grown tall,
So you *must* be very careful,
That you answer *well the call.*

And the world, to-day, does need you,
As it ne'er has done before,
Giving Honor, Wealth, Position,
And all else it has in store.

For your time is soon a-coming,
To replace our fallen men,
And we want you to be ready,
When the summons comes from them.

Never say *I can't,* dear laddies,
When the task, you have begun;
There is *no* such word, as "failure",
Since the shining of the sun.

Stick it out, whatever happens,
And you'll win the goal, at last,
For 'tis oft' that "perseverance",
Gives you all that you have asked.

If you're robed in purple velvet,
With a crown, upon your brow,
Or a suit all stained, and ragged,
You're the boy, we want just now.

When I see a tattered urchin,
Standing lonesome, in the street,
With no hat, and tangled ringlets,
Dirty face, and shoeless feet,

I just smile, and want to pet him,
—Poor, forsaken baby boy—
Then his face lights up with pleasure,
And his little heart with joy,

As I say to him "Dear Laddie",
Come with me to corner shop,
And we'll buy a bit of candy,
That will keep your courage up".

All the day, he will remember,
There was one, who smiled at him,
And he may not feel so lonely,
Wand'ring 'mid the city's din.

As we go along Life's journey,
Such a "wee bit" does it take,
To make happy, little children,
That we should, for their dear sake,

Strew their pathway full of flowers
—Let them *play* just all they can—
Soon Life's burdens will be heavy,
—*Little boys* grow into *men*—

Dearest Laddies, please remember,
Be you rich, or very poor,
Never let a cowardly action,
Find an entrance, through your door.

You're in training,—like the soldiers,—
To become the best of men,
Let your watchword be just *honor,*
And you'll be a "gentleman",

By using that word "Gentleman"
There is no thought to imply,
Just a man dressed up so grandly,
With a cane, and flowing tie,

Though the words be soft, and fluent,
From his thin, patrician lips,
And with gold and houses plenty,
He can give the best of "tips".

If he hasn't other assets,
Then the title can't be his,
For the most important factors,
He does really, truly, miss.

This is what was meant, dear Laddies,
When I used that word, to you,
For we want you to do always,
What a *gentleman,* would do.

When *honor* is the watchword, of
A man in any degree,
You will know it by his actions,
You have but to look and see,

If he gives a "square deal" always,
And is brave and true and kind.
Then you'll have the *keynote,* Boysies,
And a *gentleman,* you'll find.

A Message to Husbands

(Be a lover... to your wife...)

When you come home, in the evening,
The first thing, just kiss your wife,
Though, perhaps, you're tired and worried,
Kisses are the *dew* of life.

For the day may have been tiresome,
To your little wife, at home,
As she tries to save the dollars,
For "her King", who has to roam.

Don't forget to be a lover,
Though you've said the marriage lines,
'Tis his kisses, and attentions,
For which wifie often pines.

And though *love* is the foundation,
Like the bulwarks of a ship,
Still it needs the "fancy touches",
Far beyond the wedding trip".

Don't forget to praise her cooking,
If the dinner, you enjoy,
For, no doubt, she spent the morning,
Fixing "nice things" for her boy.

If she sings a song, that thrills you,
Tell her how you love her voice;
You will see her eyes a-sparkle,
And her little heart rejoice.

If you see the hot tears falling,
Share them quickly with her then,
And you'll see how soon the sun-shine,
Glimmers o'er her face again.

When you hear her laugh a-rippling,
Just you join in all the fun,
Give her love and kisses, plenty,
And you'll never need a "gun".

Oh, I know you sometimes quarrel,
Just to have a little "spice",
'Cause a woman's only human,
Though she be so very nice.

Then you'd better take a walk, Sir,
'Til she simmers down, a bit,
For 'tis "silence that is golden",
When a woman 's got a fit.

Better wander down the Prado,
Far away, out of her view,
For the "words she says in silence",
Are the sweetest words to you.

When your steps, you retrace slowly,
Just you buy a flower, so sweet,
Handing it to her so shyly,
Then she'll melt there, at your feet.

Never worry, whose the fault is,
You are much the bigger size,
Tilt her little face, and kiss her,
And then give her "something nice".

If you have a trouble, tell her,
Then you'll see the tear-drops fall,
And you'll know, beside all others,
Wifie is the best of all.

Baby's Talk With God

As the twilight hour is falling,
Quickly comes my baby girl,
In her snowy, clinging nightie,
With each golden little curl
Clust'ring round her baby forehead,
Like a halo, from above,
And she says to me "Dear Mama,
Isn't Dod dust made of love?",
"Tause I want to ax imbbucels,
Of de tings dat I would like,
And I want im to make besser,
Our dear doddie, darling Mike".
Then she knelt down there, beside me,
With her head upon my knee,
And in pretty, lisping accents,
Said her prayer after me.
She repeated, "Now I lay me",
In her little tender voice,
And each lisping word, she uttered,
Made my "Mother heart" rejoice.
Then came "Dod bess ou and papa",
And my dear old Gamma too;
Aunties, and my little tossins,
'Tose I have so very few.
And Dod dear, I want to ask ou,
If ou doctor weally is?
'Tause my doddie Mike got fever,
'Least I spect dat what it is.
Won't ou pease, dear Dod in Heben,
Make im wealy, twuly, well?

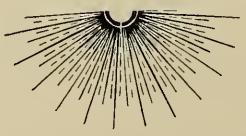
'Tause he can't eat bones, or nozzen,
And his pains he tannot tell?
And den anoder ting, pease do,
'Tause ou goes just ebery where.
When ou flies far atross in Fwance,
Won't ou care for Untle Jack,
For he's a dreat, big solzer man,
And wears a butiful suit?
Onced he tarried me on his back,
And bwought dust bucels of fruit.
Ou'll know im, 'Tause he's big and stwong,
And dust looks like ittle me,
And all de odder solzers dear,
Dust coze ou is deir fasser,
Pease bess em all, and make em dood,
For they do fight so harder.
And then, before there came "Amen",
Baby raised her little head,
With a thought that came from Heaven,
And un-certainly she said,
(While my heart just stopped its beating),
"And Dod bess de Dermans too?"
Then she looked at me the question,
But I answered not at all;
For there rose before my vision,
All our men, so great and tall,
Who had fallen in this struggle,
'Gainst the brutes, for whom she'd pray.
But again her clear eyes questioned,
And I knew not what to say.
Then I thought, God came from Heaven,
And was crucified one day;

On the Cross, he begged the pardon,
For just sinners, such as they,
So I answered, "Yes, my darling",
To those eyes of sweetest blue,
And now each night, my baby lisps,
"And Dod bess de Dermans too".
My God: if they could only know,
As each day is growing dim,
That a pretty Yankee baby,
Was saying a prayer for them:
They'd surely flutter a flag of truce,
And bow their heads to reason,
And then the war would terminate,
Before another season.

Wives-Look Pretty

When you get up in the morning,
Wear "a smile", and comb your hair,
Then within, the sun is shining,
And you'll look so very fair;
If your dress be old and faded,
Make it over, inside out,
For, these days, there are few pennies,
And you mustn't rave and shout,
Or you'll have those ugly wrinkles,
Come between your pretty eyes,
Then your Hubby *may* look sideways,
And you'll wonder *why* he cries
"See that pretty girl, o'er yonder,
How she throws her eye and smiles,
She's just the finest specimen,
I've seen, for miles and miles".
And *you* see this girl, and wonder,
What there is about her style,
That the *men* go all but crazy,
Over her, just all the while.
Don't you know, the very reason,
That she keeps the crowd with her?
'Tis because, through every season,
She is so particular.
If your hair be very "stringy",
And won't "fluff" a little bit,
Just you wash it, good and plenty,
—You'll have "kisses" on it hit—
If your mouth droops at the corners,
'Til you look so very sad,

Just you stand before your mirror,
With a thought, that makes you glad,
And you'll see a change, worth noting,
Come all over your tired face,
For 'tis thoughts, both kind and pleasant,
That give beauty, life, and grace.
All the days, that things go crossways,
And there's bother, oceans deep,
Don't forget, there's always *something,*
That we're very *glad* to keep.
There's a bright side, always turning,
If we look there long enough,
So, ye *wives* just wear smiles always,
And you'll be the *best* of stuff.
You will grow each year, much younger,
To your Hubby,—dear old man—
And he'll love you *more* than ever,
If you'll only "try this plan".



Marriage

You have asked me "What *is* marriage",
—In your tender, childish voice,—
"Is it just to see some people,
To select and make your choice,
Of a man who'll make life easy,
All the while that it shall last,
And who'll shoulder *all* your burdens,
In whatever way, they're cast?"
Oh my darling, oh my baby,
You have touched a tender chord,
For *true* marriage, comes from Heaven,
From our great and gracious Lord.
When he made this boundless country,
In the years of long ago,
In the sweet and flow'ry garden,
He did place a man below,
To take care, and 'tend the blossoms,
That on every tree did grow;
But the man was very lonely,
By himself, in famous Eden,
So God made a beauteous maiden,
Never dreaming once of treason,
As a helpmate—or a burden—,
Thus was born our *"Mother Eve"*,
And through all the ages after,
All her daughters, for her grieve.
That is *why,* there is such trouble,
In this dear old married state,
She has left to her descendants,
"Just a heritage of Fate".

But *some* women, rise above it,
And they follow out the Plan,
By our Lord, ordained in Heaven,
Long before this world began.
Then they are to men a *blessing,*
Tender, faithful, staunch, and true;
And the wisest man among them,
For our *love*, will humbly sue.
For men have to fight Life's battles,
Which are oh, so very hard,
And 'tis oft' times Fate is hanging,
By the turning of a card.
It is then, a loving woman,
Whom he calls by name his wife,
At his side, will fight forever,
Giving for him, e'en her life.
That, my darling, is a marriage,
—Sanctified by God above—
Legalized by earthly custom,
But its *origin* is *love.*
Though these days, of fads, and fancies,
Many women do assume,
That the *"marriage tie"*, is lightly,
—Just a string, to give more room—
And *then honor never binds them,*
For they think not of the name
That was trusted to their keeping,
Free of scandal, and of shame;
For it is the *greatest honor,*
That a man can give in life,
To the girl, that he has chosen,
When he gives the name of *"wife"*.

She should bear it, oh so prouldy,
Be she Queen, or Peasant Maid,
Never letting rust, or tarnish,
Gather on its gold, to fade.
And I want you, dear, to ever,
Bear in mind these words I say,
When you're called upon to answer,
To a man, just *yea*, or *nay*.
Let no selfish thought, find entrance,
In your heart, when you decide,
On the one you will forever,
Walk through life with, side by side.
Just you "love him" good and plenty,
—Be he King, or only Tramp,
And you'll pass the Gates of Heaven,
Needing *not*, a postage stamp.

Come Back To Me

My loved one, my darling,
I cried just all the day,
When from my lonely cottage door,
You turned and walked away
There were no stars up in the sky,
My heart was very sore,
The vine-clad roses, drooped their heads,
Around my cottage door;
My darling, baby boy,
I sought the whole world 'round,
But never yet, on land or sea,
Your precious self, I've found,
There was no nectar, like your lips,
And everything went wrong,
For ne'er I heard your voice again,
In any old time song.
Alone, through the tiresome, day-time,
I listen for you, dear,
Those manly steps, no longer come,
Along the pathway, near.
I hear the birds sing over head,
When morning's dawn does come,
But Love we had to-gether, dear,
Seems o'er, when just begun.
My life is sad, and dreary, dear,
My heart is full of pain,
But if I had your presence here,
I'd live "sweet life" again.

My soul is weary, all alone,
Now you have gone away,
For you were like the warm, bright sun,
Upon a summer's day.
Come back, my own,—my baby boy—
'Way from the lonely gloom,
And seek the love, that once again,
Will bloom beneath the Moon.

Society

You will banish care and sorrow,
—Is that what you say to day?—
And plunge in the whirl of fashion,
Where beautiful damsels stay,
But "Honor" can *never* play dear,
—The great Society Game,—
For all its cards are deceitful,
And women are never the same
As when their husbands dear, they meet
—With a bored and languid air—
—Their faces wearing scowls,
And no paint nor powder there—
At their early morning coffee,
—Talking *"bills"* that must be paid,
For the dresses, grand and airy,
That adorn this precious maid;
Because she must look beautiful,
To the "Other Man", you see
In this renowned "Society",
As they drink their cups of *"Tea"*.
The tea may be hot, or very cold,
But what do they care to-day
It gives an excuse for flirting,
And passes the hours away;
A flash of the eye gives knowledge,
A touch of the hand, a thrill,
"Honor" is thrust in the back-ground
—My lady is *yours*—if you will—
Meantime—just around the corner—
On a cosy little seat,

Sits her own dear, darling "Hubby",
Looking very sweet and neat,
With his arm so closely 'round her
—His dear neighbor's "little wife".
And you never hear "them" quarrelling,
Or indulge in words of strife.
Now just wouldn't it be better,
If they'd be "like that" at home,
And with loving "just each other",
Then they surely wouldn't roam?
For there is no "baby prattle"
In this Game that they do play,
And if something doesn't happen,
Sure "Race Suicide" will stay.
"And you'll find there is no cure, dear,
In this gay "Society",
For your heart's deep grief and sorrow
—Only "Notoriety".—
Rather try to *ease* the burdens,
That are carried by us all,
And then *peace* will answer quickly,
As it hears your stricken call".

I Would Rather be a Yankee

I would rather be a Yankee,
And the thought comes from my heart,
I would rather be a Yankee,
And fulfil thesmallest part,
Spurned by every city magnate,
Smote by every maiden's hand,
Than abide in pomp and luxury,
In any other land.

I would rather be a Yankee,
Not for me, where palms do grow,
Nodding gently to the music,
Of the softest winds that blow.
Not for me, where silken lordling,
After fleeting pleasure roves,
Mid the mangos and bananas,
Through the shady orange groves.

I would rather be a Yankee,
Ah, a thousand million times,
Than be a King or Emperor,
Midst history-haunted climes;
And though I'm but a poor man here,
And pay such Vanderibilt rates,
I'm glad I'm born, neath the "Stars and Stripes",
Here's to the United States.

I would rather be a Yankee,
For my dearest dreams of fame,
And my childish recollections,
All are centred with the name,

Girlish visions, born with boyhood,
And in bright young man-hood prized,
Ye have kept your early brightness,
Though ye ne'er were realized,

I would rather be a Yankee,
So I'll feel the battle's breath,
As it sweeps our sunny home-land,
Spreading ruin, dearth, and death;
Still it cannot chill the sunshine,
And it cannot yet,—thank God—
Hush the murmur of our rivers,
Chase the flowers, from our sod.

I would rather be a Yankee,
Though I live a life of care,
And my soul is ever calling,
To our God, in pleading prayer;
For my eyes are weary watching,
The departing German flight,
And my brain is ever burning,
In the noon-day and the night.

I would rather be a Yankee,
For you have your liberty,
Though the famine now does give you,
Sugar none, into your tea,
And the thought of all this trouble,
Bids all earthly joys depart,
Still you never find *Surrender,*
In a truly Yankee heart.

So I'd rather be a Yankee,
'Til I lay me down and die,
Far away, across the ocean,
'Midst the din and battle cry,
And the pearly gates will open,
Wide their portals, for poor me,
Just because I am a Yankee,
And my home lies o'er the sea.

The Plea of the "Little Working Girl"

Still I am a little lady,
Though I work from day to day,
Piling up your handsome fortune,
For so very little pay,
Though, perhaps, it is I'm counting,
All the gold that you may own,
In your many stocks and ventures,
—At your desk, beside your 'phone,
Or, perhaps, it is a "sweat-shop",
Cold and dark, and very drear,
Where I sew upon men's clothing,
At "starvation wage", a year,
Still they sell at such high prices,
To the tall and handsome men,
Who do buy these suits for dinner,
For the evening, and the den,
And I wonder when they're wearing,
All these clothes that we have made,
Do they ever think one moment,
Of the pretty "working maid?"
How she toils, and how she worries,
In the cold, and in the heat,
In the morn, and in the night-time,
So that they can look so neat;
For 'tis often, she eats nothing,
'Til, perhaps, it is past noon;
Were she thus to squander pennies,
They would go so very soon,
All the time she must be careful,
For the rent is coming 'round,

If there is'nt any money,
All her goods go on the ground.
And I often think, and wonder,
As I rush amid the whirl,
Why is life so very dreary,
To the pretty working-girl?
In the cold, and gloomy morning,
In the sleet, and in the rain,
She must hurry down to bus'ness,
If her heart be full of pain.
Though her face be just as pretty,
And her eyes be just as bright,
As your own dear little daughter's,
Which does fill you with delight,
Still you think she is just "Nothing",
But to set your heart atwirl,
Please remember, she's a lady,
Though a "little working girl".
While her dresses are not fancy,
They're the best that she can wear,
And her face is sweet and rosy,
Still in spite of toil and care.
On her fingers, are no diamonds,
Neither is there any pearl,
Just a band of gold, so loving,
For the little working girl.
She has neither time, nor money,
To enjoy this dear old world,
Life, is only an existence,
For the many *bills* so hurled
At the quickly coming *pay-day,*
—Midst the turmoil and the whirl—

Must be paid, so very promptly,
By the little "working girl".
And the money does'nt scatter,
Even over rent and food,
So you see the many hardships,
That are ours, for "being good".
Though I know it sometimes happens,
That a girl goes far astray,
With those men, so soft and winning,
But 'tis sure she has to pay,
In the end, for just forgetting,
That with *them,* its only play.
'Tis for her a different story,
How these vert'ous Dames will talk,
As they "loll" back in their Motor,
—While the working girl must walk—
With their stern, and austere faces,
They will try her case right then,
Blaming her so very frankly,
And excusing all the men.
They will never once remember,
'Tis the same clay makes us all,
Take from them, their gold and Motors,
—Would they answer too—"the call?
They have never had temptation,
As the working-girl has had,
So they'll always feel above us,
And 'tis *that,* that makes me mad.
That is *why,* I think, so often,
That the girls make *"Friendly Ties",*
With the fathers, brothers, sweethearts,
Of these stern, and virtuous wives.

If the wives would only take them,
By the hand, and say "My Dear"
We will make our "men-folks", pay you,
"The right wage, for work, each year",
And we'll think of you as sisters,
Toiling 'mid this daily whirl,
Then this world would be a Heaven,
To the pretty working girl.
For her nature's sweet and noble,
She abhors all kinds of vice;
If she finds a friend in trouble,
They don't have to ask her twice;
And a "square deal" is the Motto,
That her banner does unfurl,
So here's long life, and happiness,
To the *"Pretty Working-Girl"*.

The Face in a Golden Locket

You have asked me, dear, to tell you,
Who is this, I hold so dear,
Close within a golden locket,
Just above my heart, so near?
Come, rest your head, upon my knee,
While my hand strays o'er your hair,
Like when you were a little girl,
And knew not sorrow, nor care.
You are just eighteen, to-day, dear,
Tis a fitting time to tell
The history of my darling,
Who is sleeping, in yon dell.
Long years ago this happened, child,
But 'tis just as fresh, and clear,
In my memory, this moment,
As though taking place, last year.
We were two young girls to-gether,
She was everything to me,
Five and twenty years ago, dear,
There beside the sparkling sea.
She had lovers, more than plenty,
For she was a pretty girl,
As her picture, here, can tell you,
Showing every golden curl.
But she did not care for any,
Only just to laugh and play...
Telling me, with eyes so merry,
That her "Prince" would come, some day,
And no matter *What* then happened,
This is what she oft' did say...

She would be his *own,* completely,
And would never say him "nay".
As Time passes, it brings changes,
Be they big, or only small,
And there came a day, my darling,
When my father lost his "all".
Then we moved to a far city,
Where I'd never been, before,
So, my chum, and I, were parted,
Whisp'ring vows, there on the shore.
Five years passed on, and we were yet,
In the city's great turmoil,
Still to that beautiful friendship,
I ever was most loyal.
No other girl, though she be fair,
As the dawn, at break of day,
Could cause my heart to e'er forget,
The love that had come to stay.
One night, to pass away the time,
And to find a little air,
I wandered far, along the street,
Never giving thought, nor care,
Where my foot-steps on, would lead me,
Or that I was out alone,
With the city's heart about me,
Beating out its cry, and moan.
In the dark, and ghostly shadows,
Of that dreary night, a girl
Stepped before a plate-glass window,
To arrange a golden curl,
That drooped upon her woe-worn face,
From a mass of tangled hair,

That still a hallowed beauty gave,
To a face, divinely fair.
She raised her head, and looked at me,
And my heart just seemed to whirl,
For in that queenly gesture, dear,
I fancied I saw this girl.
Unkempt, her lovely golden hair,
That hung in ringlets down
Upon her thin white shoulders, where
A tattered shawl, was drawn.
Her face was stained, and lined with care,
But still a lingering grace,
Hung o'er the anguish, and despair,
Of that most beautiful face.
The sweet, red mouth, with lips compressed,
The fall of the heaving breast,
The trembling lashes, shading tears,
That, an Angel might have blessed.
While the pretty, taper fingers,
Of her snowy, ringless hand,
Pulling the tattered fringe of shawl,
As the breeze, her bosom fanned,
Showed me the troubled heart within
This girl, whom Fate had sent
Right in my path, so I could help
A soul, by misery, rent.
Quickly I stepped to offer aid,
For my heart was all astir
With by-gone recollections of
The friend I held most dear;
When a tall, stern-faced officer,
Laid his hand, upon her arm,

Arresting her for vagrancy,
To put her away from harm.
"Oh no, *Please don't,* kind Sir", she cried,
"Won't you let me go, *once* more"?
She seemed so good, tender, and sweet,
Pleading there, with heart so sore,
That the officer was sorry,
To do his irksome duty,
When, quickly stepping forth, I cried
"Give me this little Beauty,
To you I'll be responsible,
That, to her, does come no harm".
From the first word, that she uttered,
In her cry, of wild alarm,
I had recognized my darling,
My loved girl, of long ago;
Though *why* in rags, and homeless now,
God, alone, did only know.
Closely I strained her in my arms,
With not a thought, nor care
Of the wond'ring, staring people,
For a crowd had gathered there.
In a taxi soon I placed her,
With myself, right there beside,
Crooning to her, as a baby,
For so helplessly she cried,
Saying, in wild words, "Don't touch me"
"For, Oh now, I'm Magdalene".
But with kisses on those sweet lips,
Soon there came more thoughts serene,
For I knew, what e'er had happened,
'Twas through fault of loving much,

And our loving Saviour pardoned
"Mary Magdalene" for such.
In my heart, was maught but pity,
For my bonny bright haired girl,
And I thanked God, for directing
Me, that night, 'mid city whirl.
Then, that night, she told the story,
Close beside me, ne'er to part,
How the "fairy Prince" came riding,
And he stole her loving heart.
She was so young, and innocent,
That she heeded *all* he said,
Just drinking in, like Gospel Truth,
—That the minister has read —
All the "logic" used so deftly,
By a master hand, and mind,
Showing her, that just "Conventions",
Were for much the humbler kind;
And that "Common Law" did govern,
Those who read, and ponder much,
For "their word" was quite sufficient,
As a *"tie"* for any such.
So this baby girl was "married",
Giving him herself, for aye,
Never dreaming, that he'd leave her,
'Til the summons came to die.
For a time, they were so happy,
And she never dreamt that he
Would be loving any other
Girl, whom he might chance to see.
Then he told her, very kindly,
After a few years had passed,

He'd decided soon to "marry",
A young maiden, at him cast
By his friends, who were so anxious,
That he'd marry, in their "set",
And this girl was at the summit,
"Just the finest", he'd seen yet.
He offered to provide for her,
Do "the square thing", as he said,
Quite forgetting, his "Common Law"
Had married him to this maid.
In a whirl of pain, and anguish,
She dashed through the open door,
Never stopping for a bonnet,
Or the many things, she wore.
And all the night, she walked the street,
Half crazed with grief, and sorrow,
'Til brain and body both seemed numb,
And wished not for the 'morrow.
At last, she sank down on a seat,
Just within the Central Park,
And Nature claimed her own, once more,
Restful sleep had come, but hark!
A gruff voice says "Get up from here,
You drunken girl, of the street,
Move on, or I'll arrest you soon,
And mind your staggering feet".
Again she wandered on, and on,
Just repeating, in her pain,
"He does not care, he does not care,
All my love has been in vain.
Face to face, with sin, she wavered,
In that awful fight, for right,

For, at times, the best are tempted,
As this poor child was, that night.
Not a soul, in this big city,
Did she know, save just "her man",
And the tempter, ever ready,
Said to her, "do what you can".
Not a hand, in this strange city,
Will stretch out, and help poor you,
Not a soul to say, have mercy,
If you search it, through and through.
And so the poor child wandered on,
Through days and nights, of pain,
Seeking shelter with the outcasts,
When there came a bit of rain;
Trying hard, to never waver,
From her standard, of the right,
Trying still, to conquer ever,
In that awful moral fight.
And, by selling her old ear-rings,
That were Mother's, long ago,
She stilled the pangs of hunger,
As she searched, both to and fro,
To find work, in this big city,
But the trying was in vain;
In whatever place she entered,
She was treated with disdain;
For her face, so red, and swollen,
And her eyes, all bleared with tears,
Told, *they* thought, a *different,* story,
Sad, for one, so young in years.
Then, again the tempter gathered,
Courage from her awful plight,

"Why should you just think of others,
If they suffer grief, and pain,
If you lure their friends, and sweethearts,
Surely *you* will have the gain".
"Why should you consider people,
They would crush *you* in the fight,
Hearts are cold, and hard, and cruel,
"What you do", for *you* is right.
No one cares, the tempter whispered,
As she wandered to and fro,
He is basking in the beauty,
Of that *"other girl"*, you know,
Who, with her jewels, and dresses,
Her many airs, and graces,
Made him forget his loyalty,
—"Tis so, in many cases.—
There is no one cares, what happens,
Oh, what words could sadder be,
In this world of fair ideals,
"Not a person cares for me".
As this cry, so sad, and bitter,
Thrilled through all her loving heart,
The officer then seized her arm,
With a touch, that made her start.
But I followed, quickly after,
As an answer, to her prayer;
"God, in Heaven, had protected,
This dear child, so beauteous fair.
But she fretted for *him* always,
Soon she drooped, and faded so,
That God called her gentle spirit,
Five and twenty years ago.

Now she's sleeping, 'neath the daisies,
Over there, in yonder dell,
For the daisies—little darlings—
Though they know, will never tell.
I often think, of the men, dear,
Who have mothers, sisters, and wives,
And wonder what they would say, dear,
If the same, came into their lives.
If men would only remember,
The girl, with whom they would play,
Perhaps is somebody's sister,
Would they quickly turn away,
And follow the golden motto
"Do simply unto others,
As you would have them do to you",
If so, all men are brothers.
What, crying, my darling baby,
And it is your birth-day, too.
The girl, in the golden locket,
Has sent a message to you.
Here, let me dry those pretty eyes,
And forgive your Mother's heart,
If, in her loving faithfulness,
She has caused a pain to dart
Across your birth-day pleasure, dear,
But if, through all of your life,
You remember this sad lesson,
And in its battles and strife,
Have love for the poor, and friendless,
And help them to rise again.
"The tale that's been told to-day, dear,
Will not hace been told in vain".

Re-Incarnation

She:

Must we part, my dear, forever,
Heart from heart, to truly sever;
Never again, to sweet love give
Fond expression, while we shall live?
You go your way, and I go mine,
Never again, to be called *thine;*
Must our lives, so desolate be,
And perfect strangers,—you and me?—

He:

Strangers we can *never* be, dear;
Our love began, since the first year
That God did make this universe;
And, be it blessing, or a curse,
Through all the ages, you are *mine,*
And all *eternity* I'm *thine.*
When once two souls, united are,
They seek each other, near, and far,
And never rest, until they've found
The *one* to whom their life is bound.
And now I've found you, come what may,
You're *mine,* and none can say me *"nay."*

Chorus

Together:

We were buried in old Egypt,
Far beneath the Pyramids;

And our souls were lost for ages,
In the zone of "mysteries".
We have searched the wide world over,
Through this endless length of time,
But our restless spirits never
Found a token, or a sign.
Now we recognize each other,
And we claim that God divine
Re-unites our souls, as ever:
You are mine—and I am thine.—

Find the Motives, Lying Deep.

It would save a world of trouble,
If we'd look, before we leap,
"All the world", is but an actor,
"Find the motives, lying deep".
We must look, far 'neath the surface,
For what e'er we wish to keep;
Sometimes 'tis the *imitation*
That does glitter, fathoms deep.
And the *real* is lost forever,
While we've got only alloy,
Which will last, but for a summerr,
Then our senses, it will cloy.
While the real, if we'd gone deeper,
Would have been eternal gain,
Giving joy, and satisfaction,
And an honor to our name.
When we think we've found a treasure,
That is sure without alloy,
We may see, in boundless measure.
All the motives, by and by.
So before we take a venture,
With Dan Cupid, or "Wall street",
Though it be no end of trouble,
"Find the motives, lying deep".

The World for an Irish Kiss

I'd give the world, for an Irish kiss,
Right from the lips of Eleen;
Sweeter than blarney, it surely is,
With a relish, oh so keen.
An Irish girl, has a winning way,
That's born on the Irish soil;
A tear, and a smile, together play
With a heart, that is most loyal.

Chorus

What is it like—an Irish kiss?
I'll tell you, if I'm not amiss:
It's like rose-petals, steeped in dew,
With stray sun-beams, a-peeping through.
Its like the laughter, of the stream,
Or better still, peaches and cream.
Its softer far, than finest silk,
Or babies fed on Mother's milk.
No gold can buy it for your mouth,
In Ireland, from the North, to South.
And like the Moon, up in the sky,
You look, and sigh, and then you cry,
To feel the rapture, and the bliss
Of just a truly, *Irish kiss.*
I'd give the world, for an Irish kiss,
Here at the Antipodes;
What's that, you say? there's many a Miss
In search for "Affinities"

But not on your life, will they get me
To make up a Problem Play,
While an Irish lass, across the sea,
Saves a kiss for me some day.

Chorus.

By the Lakes of old Killarney

Far away, in lovely Ireland,
'midst the Shamrock, and the Rose,
By the lakes of old Killarney
Hidden from all friends and foes,
Dwells my little Irish fairy,
Weaving spells around my heart,
Coaxing me to ever tarry
Tho' I know we soon must part.

Chorus

And I'll say, "good-bye Mavourneen",
You have bound my heart to thee;
On the lakes of old Killarney,
It is there, I long to be.
When your Irish lips are kissing,
And your eyes smile into mine,
You will know you are my Heaven,
And I'll always for you pine.
When I hear your Irish laughter,
All the clouds are swept away,
And there blooms a world of sunshine,
Giving joy, from day to day.
For oft' times my life is dreary,
And its battles, all go wrong.
But the hours I'm Sad and weary,
Mem'ry brings my darling's song.

Chorus.

When we Kissed in the "Little Dolly House"

You called me "China Doll", in times gone by,
And it was only you, for whom I'd sigh.
We learned to care right there, beside the sea,
When you and I, did often, turn the key,
So all the other lads could never see,
"When we kissed in the little "dolly house".

Chorus

A little broken doll,—just thrown away,
Her azure eyes, are sad, 'most every day,
And as she turns her face, up to the sky,
She prays that she may, "lay me down and die".
For in her dreams she hears, a soft voice say,
"I love you baby girl, more every day,
Come sit upon my knee, please turn the key,
And we'll kiss in the little dolly house".

But now your "China Doll', you pass her by,
And never care again, if she does cry.
Her starry eyes are dim, and no more coy,
Because she's fretting for her little boy;
Who, with his playthings new, cares not at all,
For a poor, little, broken "China Doll".

Chorus.

I'm only a poor little broken doll,
Cast out on the highway, and spurned by all;
My life is so dreary, for "Boy" don't know,
That his dear China Doll, could love him so;
Perhaps he'll be sorry, when Life grows old,
And long for his Dolly,—so dead, and cold.

Chorus.

Pretty Little Flossie

Pretty little Flosie,
With her curly pate,
And her nose so saucy,
Is not at all sedate.
Once she took a notion,
Into her little head,
To explore the ocean,
And find its little bed.
With a dress so airy,
Upon her figure neat,
Flossie didn't tarry,
But showed two little feet.
Whose dimples, cute and pretty,
Did tempt the eye of man,
Just like a little kitty,
That after mousie ran.
So he took a notion,
To follow Flossie's lead,
And plunged into the ocean,
And did a daring deed.
For this saucy girlie,
Just couldn't swim a bit,
But shouting "you should worry",
Beneath the waves, she hit.
But a "Yankee Baby",
Can find her way about,
So this little lady,
To me, her hands held out.
Quickly, at her bidding,
I clasped her in my arm,

And did a bit of "kidding"
'Bout life I'd saved from harm.
With the waves a-dashing,
—The tide was rolling in—
And hot tears a-splashing,
She *kissed* me, on the chin.
But on the *sand,* waved Flossie
To me, a gay "ta-ta",
With air so very bossy,
For I am her "*Papa*".

Freedom

In my breakfast room, one morning,
When the frost was in the air,
There I found a little wild bird,
Picking up the crumbs, with care.
Soon into a cage I lured him,
Giving him a place to dwell,
Where he'd never more be hungry,
As he was, in woody dell.
And I thought I'd acted kindly,
To provide a nice safe home,
For this songster of the wild woods,
So he never more need roam.
But he drooped and languished daily,
And ne'er raised his voice in song;
He would look at me so sadly,
'Til I wondered what was wrong.
Then it dawned upon my senses,
Sure it was "captivity",
That was killing him so slowly,
Here amid his luxury.
For he pined just for his "Freedom",
Though that well might mean to him,
Hunger, cold, and danger often,
Still for *it*, his eyes grew dim.
So, with aching heart, I opened,
Wide the door, for him to fly,
Giving back, his much prized freedom,
So he would not droop, and die.
And my heart was filled with gladness,
When I heard his happy song,

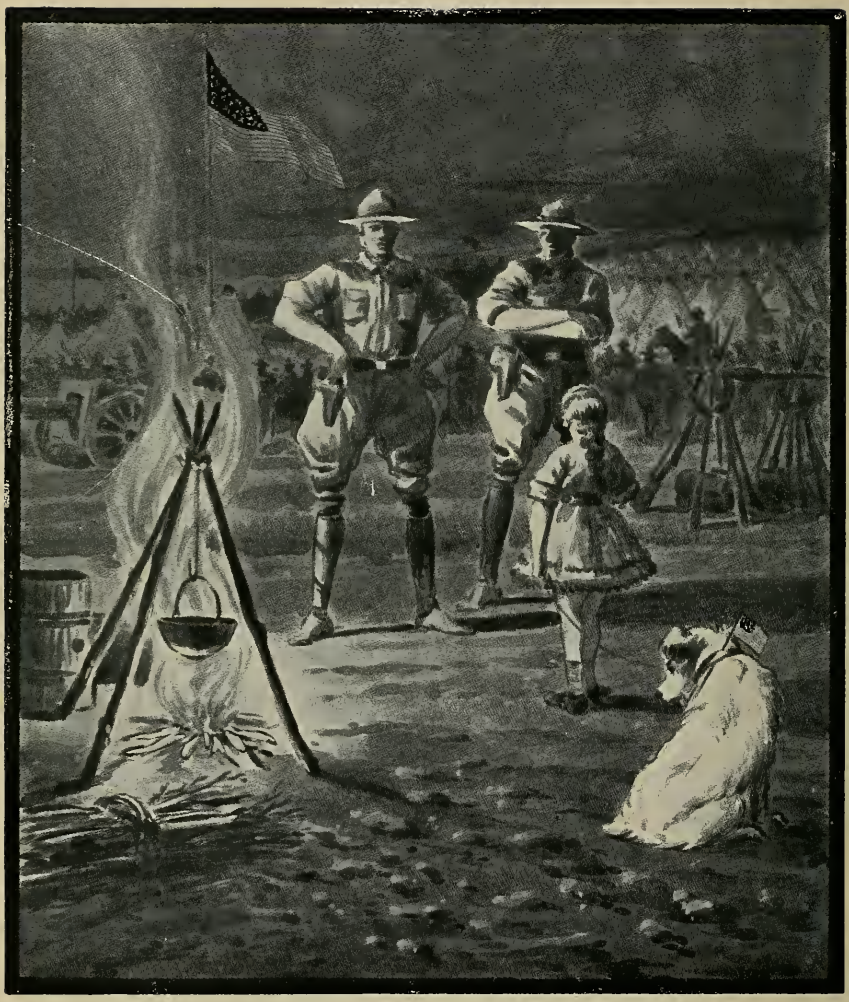
As he perched amid the branches,
Hopping 'round, the whole day long.
And I often think *we* sometimes,
Have the wild bird's longing too,
For what's the use of luxury,
If we're told what we must do.
If on others, we're dependent,
And must never say a "nay",
There'll come a time, when we'll rebel,
And wander where Freedom lay;
Though like the poor little birdie,
There may be hunger and cold,
Still our life will be our very own,
And that is better than gold.

Visions-Past-Future

When you and I were happy, dear, to-gether,
—It seems long centuries ago, to-day—
We never thought, how soon you would, forever,
Leave me, to fight the Germans, far away.
Not any more, shall you and I go dreaming,
Along the road we loved, in shine or rain,
Not any more, we'll watch the search-light gleaming,
Nor sweetest kisses steal, that give no pain.
Not any more, shall you and I, to-gether,
Stroll hand in hand, beside the moonlit sea,
Not any more, in diff'rent kinds of weather,
Shall we be sheltered 'neath the old Palm tree.
Not any more, shall we, in tropic weather,
Stand by the steamer rail, and say farewell,
With hands outstretched, to bring us close to-gether,
As on our ears there fell the parting bell.
Not any more, shall we, in tropic gloaming,
Give the last kiss, that on our lips shall stay,
For now we both, shall very soon be roaming,
But still we've had, "our merry month of May"

Once more we meet, but not alone to-gether,
A mighty throng is rushing near, and far,
To catch a glimpse of one, who shall forever,
Live in the his'try of this cruel war.
And I too follow,—the crowd and I to-gether—
To shake the hand, that once held mine, so tight,
Before this awful war did come to sever
The friendship, that was mine, by every right.

Once more kind Fate has brought us close to-gether,
Amid the whirr and fog of London town,
Your hand clasps mine, through all the cloudy weather,
And eyes of blue, kiss those of golden brown.
Once more we meet, just you and I to-gether,
The madd'ning, crazy throng, we heed it not,
And in my hand, I hold a bunch of heather,
To tell you, dear, that I have not forgot.
And as we stand, just you and I to-gether,
Amidst the throng, that's met to welcome you,
Against your breast, I see a sprig of heather,
And then I know, that you remember too,
The by-gone days, that we have spent to-gether,
The friendship we have pledged, in shine or rain.
And now we've met, to be again forever,
The same true pals, to cheer away Life's pain.



Lennie's Bit.

Lennie's Bit

There came a call, from o'er the sea,
From our boys, in France, so dear,
Above the noise of artillery
And the hearty battle cheer;
As step by step, they drove the foe,
Far back, near its own home land,
They called to us, "We fight for you,
Can you give a helping hand?"
We're fighting far, across the sea,
We're giving our lives away,
We look for help to win the war,
From our own, our U. S. A.
The ringing call but reached our ears,
When the Country, as one man,
Sent back a cheerful, hearty *aye,*
"Just don't you worry", we *can.*
Then the country, it got busy,
With its plans to help along,
From the highest, to the lowest,
"Do your bit", was the only song.
Swell ladies, from Fifth Avenue,
Would beseech, in voices fond,
Just every nationality,
To buy a "Liberty Bond".
And then there came the "meatless days",
With the breadless ones, thrown in,
For *wheat* must go to give them strength,
'Midst the battle's roar, and din.
So every one did sacrifice,
To give an extra penny,

And 'twas this spirit, that did make,
The fame of "Little Lennie".
She heard her Dad, and Mama too,
Lay the plans, for what they'd give
To help the poor, dear soldier boys,
And give them a chance to live.
With little brow, all lined with care,
She went and talked with "Daddy";
"What tan I dive a solzer big,
Whose not a ittle laddie?"
I've only Dolly, and my toys,
No ozzer ting do I see,
Say, do ou fink, they'd like to have,
Just a ittle dirl, like me?
I do not fink they'd want me much,
'Cause theyse big, and bwave, and stwong,
I does wish so, dat I could pease
Do somesing to help along.
She said no more, for just beside,
With his head upon her knee,
Was her faithful dog, and playmate,
That had come, to share her tea.
Her startled eyes, looked into his,
With a fear, born of a thought,
That *here* was something she could give,
—Just here was the gift she sought.—
She flung her arms around his neck,
She kissed his shaggy white hair;
In frantic anguish, she cried *"no"*,
Ou mustn't go "ober dere"
To fight with those bwave solzer boys,
Though I know ou'd kill the lot,

For ou a fighter surely is,
When ouse mad, my dear old Spot.
Closer, and closer, she nestled there,
With the tears a-raining down,
While the dog, in silent sympathy,
Licked the face, he'd ne'er seen frown.
At last she says, "My dear old Spot,
I can fink no ozzer way,
Ou dust must go, and do my "bit",
And dwive the Germans away".
So up she got, right then, and there,
And called to her dog to "come";
They trudged for many lonely miles,
'Til the summer's day was done.
To the soldier's camp, in training,
There in old Van Cortlandt Park:
And though it began a-raining,
There was not a sigh, nor bark.
And just at dusk, a child and dog,
Outside of the camp, did sit,
Weary, and foot-sore, tired and worn,
They waited to do their "bit".
Inside the camp, the soldiers lay,
Taking their smoke, and their rest,
Talking, or singing, soft and low,
Of the ones they loved the best.
Then *all* at once leaped quickly up,
As the sentry's challenge came,
Halt:—The Pass-word—Who goes there?
Tell to me, at once, your name?
They listened, as they held their guns,
In position, for a fray,

When they heard "Its little Lennie,
I've bowought ou my dog to stay".
God! a child at bayonet's point,
Let her pass, and bring her dog;
Then two big soldiers led them both,
Into the fire-light, and song.
With burning cheeks, and pretty lip,
All curled, as if she would cry,
With shining, golden, tangled hair,
That shaded her bright blue eye,
Little Lennie stood among them,
With old Spot there, by her side,
So bashful, she never could tell
Them, the reason *why,* she cried.
Soon all the regiment came down,
To see what 'twas all about,
The Colonel came, with face so stern,
And began to rave, and shout
What's this?—and then he stopped—for there,
In the fire-light's ruddy glow,
Stood a golden-haired baby girl,
Like his own, of long ago;
His eyes grew soft, he snatched her up,
And she nestled on his breast,
As he asked her, oh, so gently,
For her name,—and all the rest.—
Quickly she smiled, with child-like faith,
—And won the Colonel for life—
Pease Sir, says she, "I've bwought ou Spot,
An he'll help ou end the stwife".
"I'se just a ittle bit of durl,
There's nossing I had to dive,

Dust only Spot, but he will fuight,
For as long as he will live".
Folks say, he isn't butiful,
But he's dood, as dood can be,
Isn't ou Spot? And then she tried
From his arms, to get set free.
Around the neck, of that old dog,
She threw a wee baby arm,
And whispered low, "Ouse solzer now,
Ou must watch, and dard fwom harm
All ze ozzer nice big solzers
When ou goes away to Fwrance,
'Cause ou is goin to do my *"Bit"*,
Dear Spot, if ou get a chwance.
Her pretty, lisping voice grew slow,
'Til it ended in a cry,
And then the big dog licked her face,
And gave a wondering sigh.
Once more the Colonel lifted her,
And she nestled by his side,
While every soldier's eye was wet,
At the baby's sacrifice.
Every one did feel much better,
And a nobler soldier too,
Just because a sweet girl baby,
Showed the world what it should do.

Bohemian Life

Take me back to Bohemia,
'Tis there I would rather live,
Though I thank you very kindly,
For the grandeur, you would give.
But my heart is with the people,
Who dwell in Bohemia,
And as I wish to *live* my life,
I'll go to Bohemia.
For there, you find no conventions,
That separate me, from you;
Everybody is natural,
As they *like,* just what they do.
They have for their password *"Honor"*,
And that is enough, for them,
"Good-bye" to old Mrs. Grundy,
She never more will condemn.
Though times are hard, they laugh, and sing,
And drown all thought of sorrow.
They've learned to make the most of life,
—There may be no to-morrow—
The people are congenial,
For they're one big family:
'Tis hard to find a snobbish one,
Nor the slightest tyranny.
The artist paints, and dreams of Fame,
When his picture, it is done,
While the girl, who is his neighbor,
Writes for the "New York Sun";

Then comes a man, who has a play,
That is sure to make a hit,
Every one, in Bohemia,
Is trying to do his "bit".
For they cheer, and love each other,
And stretch out a helping hand,
'Cause the "Gray Wolf" comes so closely,
To dear Bohemian land.
The artist says to the writer,
"Don't mind the critic's remarks",
The play-right is ever ready,
To say a good word for the "larks".
So they all are interested,
In each other, every day,
Down there, in old Bohemia,
Where Freedom will live alway.
They would'nt change their ways of life,
For the finest diadem,
"And when we've had a taste of "sham"
Don't you think we envy them?"

My Cigarette

When my heart is sore and troubled,
And I find my wife is cruel,
When I'm fed up with her nonsense,
And I know I am a fool,
Then when all the bills, do face me,
—She's the most expensive yet—
I loll back, upon the sofa,
And—I smoke a cigarette.—
When my bus'ness cares, and worries,
Haunt my slumbers, in the night,
Or when wifie gives a lecture,
As the morn is getting light,
It is *then* I swear so softly,
—For the Babe is sleeping yet,—
As I hunt around for matches,
Just to light a cigarette.
There is nothing, in this wide world,
That will not go up in smoke;
Then you weave such brilliant fancies,
You forget that you are broke.
When the first time wifie gave me,
In my arms, our little pet,
She did ask me "what we'd name her",
And I said why "cigarette".
The bachelor knows not the bliss,
Nor the girls that I have met,
To *puff* away, and *rock* to sleep,
Just *this* brand of *"cigarette"*.

I often think, how kind is Fate,
In this world of suffragettes,
That she supplies for *man* a *balm*,
—A package of *"cigarettes"*.

Conscience

One stormy night, when the wind and rain,
Sang a requiem o'er the land,
A woman gazed through the window-pane,
With eyes, that were sombre and sad.

But the world, with its love and pleasure,
Has no use for anguish and pain;
And dead, in her heart, lay the treasure
Of love, that had driven insane.

The proud little head, held so stately,
The tremulous lips, all aglow,
They both showed the pain, that so lately,
Had ravished, and laid her life low.

For this girl, once so good, and so pure,
Had sacrificed all to her love;
There was *nothing* she would not endure,
To worship this dream from above.

He came to her, this king of her heart,
In all his manly beauty,
And whispered sweet love, 'till Cupid's dart,
Brushed away all thought of Duty.

What cared she, if the world should blame,
Their love was by Heaven planned,
And in both their hearts, they wished the same,
—The touch of a wee baby hand.—

But frankly he told her, in voice of pain,
—And whispered the knell to their life—
That there was a girl, who bore his name,
—The *right* to be called his *wife.*

She wandered far, in a foreign clime,
—A Queen of a mighty throng—
And loved the glamour, and hot old time,
Of the Stage, The Wine, and the Song.

So *Nothing* there was for *her* at all,
—This side of the Heavenly Gate—
Save a love that would always enthrall,
'Gainst even the logic of Fate.

Then in array, he placed before her,
The scorn of the world,—the loss of friends—
—For one man's love—How she must suffer:—
And all the misery, it attends.

But did she hesitate—to choose?
Ah *no,—no*—A thousand times *no,*—
For to *him* she nothing could refuse,
And *why?* Because "She loved him so".

And then the "inevitable" happened

A few short months, of Heavenly bliss,
With stolen meetings, here and there;
A squeeze,—a hug,—a tender kiss,—
And Life was Love to this dear pair.

And then he remembered,

He felt the lure of the world, once more,
His business called him, as of yore,
And he quite forgot the little girl
Whose heart had opened wide the door.

Time passed slowly on, and changes came,
To the little girl, so sweetly fair;
The eyes, that gave Blue-bells their name,
Now glistened, in their wild despair,
With tears, that ne'er before had seen
The light of day, on that dear face.
A laughing, merry girl,—no thought of sin
Had marred her beaty, or her grace.

Days followed days, in bitter sorrow,
But *who* would *dare* to sacrifice
A *little soul*,—so that to-morrow
A cruel world *could not* criticise?

For its sake, she bore the burden well,
—The stigma of forgotten love—
E'en though the moon-lit sea, did often tell
Of *death* beneath, to *life* above.

The little soul, she cherished near,
To *her,* was real intrinsic worth,
Because it held the *life-blood,* dear,
Of just *her man,*—The dearest one on earth.—

But *god,* in his Mercy, and Wisdom,
Looking down, from his Kingdom, above,
Took pity, on Mother and Baby,
And recalled them both, to his love.

The *Human Heart,* is a strange play-toy;
From troubles great, may sometimes grow
A better girl, and a better boy,
Who daily strive to lift the low
With words of sympathy, and cheer,
For is not God in Heaven wise?
The daily troubles, that we fear
Are blessings only, in disguise.

Henceforth, to Humanity, frail,
All those who have suffered, and lost,
May come with the often told tale,
"That *God* knows the *price* it has cost.

And the man?

There were no heights, to which he did not climb,
The sting of conscience, called remorse,
Did urge him on to deeds sublime,
To drown this vision, "'tis a hearse
Passing slowly down the city street,
While rests within, "the girl who stood the test",
Clasping their Babe,—as if for heat—
In arms, so cold, against her snow-white breast".

Too late, he felt the love-bird's call,
—Instinct with longing for its mate—
With madd'ning cry, and cursing all,
He railed at Fate,—too late—too late—

But did she die, to end forever
The *tie* that bound her close to him?
Ah *no*,—e'en *death* can never sever
Our Destiny,—from Ages dim.

The narrow veil was drawn asunder,
And every mystery made known;
But all the Beauty, all the Grandeur,
Of that great majestic Throne.

Could not hold that girl's sweet spirit,
In that Heaven, across the sea,
As she caught his cry of anguish
"Girl, Girl of mine, come back to me".

And though the mist he could not fathom,
He felt her presence, ever near,
Guiding his feet, across each chasm,
With little hands, that knew no fear.

The years rolled on, and *honor* gave
To the man, who tried to repair
The fault of his youth, by trying to save
All those on the verge of despair.

As the shadows of Death, closed the door
On a life so long bereaved,
And his feet touched the dark, lonely shore,
Of the river, where many have grieved.

He heard a voice say, so soft and sweet,
"I have waited, my boy, for thee,
To clasp thy dear hand, and guide thy feet,
To a land, where our love shall be free".

And then a strange thing happened,

After the vapour had cleared away,
On the shore, beside him, he saw
His little girl, of a long past day,
Who had glorified Nature's Law.

Time had not changed her nut-brown hair,
Nor dimmed the sparkle of her eye.
The face, with dimples here and there,
Still glowed with love, that ne'er could die.

Madly he rushed, and gathered her close,
There on the brink of eternity
While over the sea, this cry arose,
"Girl, Girl of mine, has come to me".

And so these lovers of long ago,
Who had followed Nature's call,
Passed over the river, whose gentle flow
Did carry them far, within God's wall.

A Spanish Girl

Take love from the heart of Tulip,
And warmth from the blood red Rose,
Then jealousy from the Daisy,
While the Lily, purity throws.
Now, cast over all, a sparkle,
That is born of the morning dew
Kissing a dear little sun-beam,
That is pressing its way, right through.
Blend all with the milk of kindness,
And then your banner unfurl;
You will see upon its surface,
A beautiful Spanish girl.
And I think the first creation,
Must have been a Spanish girl,
For *who* could resist temptation,
When caught in her charming whirl.

Individuality

You give me advice, about what to do,
And how I must act, through each day,
You would take from me, and bury from view,
My individuality.

If I follow you, and take your advice,
And walk the road that you travel,
Do you really think, to heights I would rise?
Methinks, I'd go to the devil.

What is good for you, may not be for me,
—All depends on the point of view—
While you are as cold as the ice-bound sea,
The glowing sun just burns me through.

So how can you judge what is good for me,
With my warm and passionate heart?
While in your life "conventionality",
Has played, by far, the bigger part.

I know you're a dear, and you really think,
That your's is by far the best way,
Perhaps it is true, but still I'll not sink,
By letting me have my own way.

I want to do what my own sweet will
May dictate, and say is the way,
For we all must grind our grain at the mill
Of Experience,—come what may—

My aim is to strive to better man-kind,
In all that I do, or may say,
So let me alone, don't bias my mind,
On subjects, where principles lay.

You like to travel the grass-covered road,
Where no stones may obstruct the way,
I like to delve, where the truth is sowed,
Far beneath, where the rubbish lay.

I like the turmoil, the battle of life,
The problems to solve each day,
You take "to cover", away from the strife,
Whose judgment is better, I say?

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